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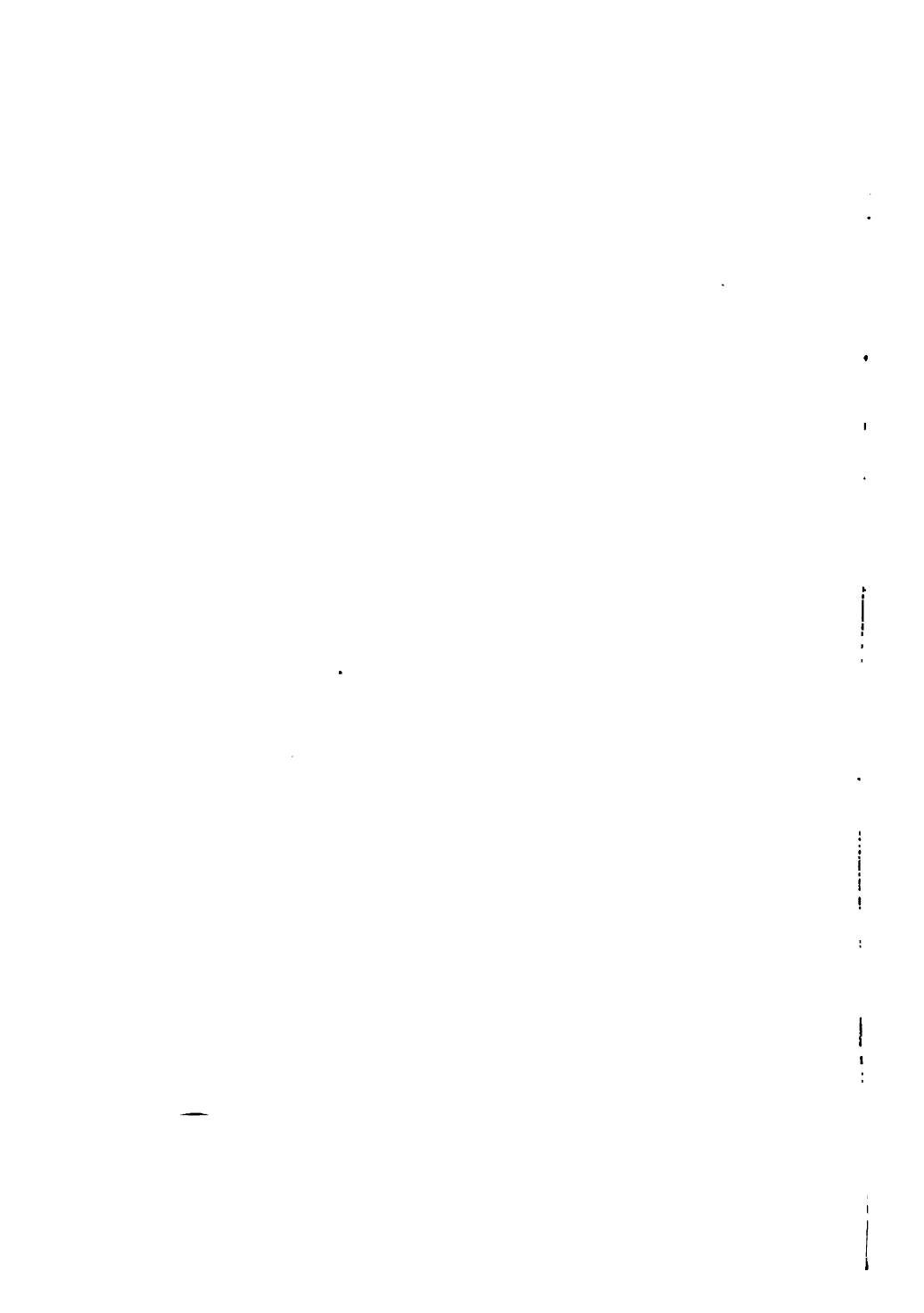
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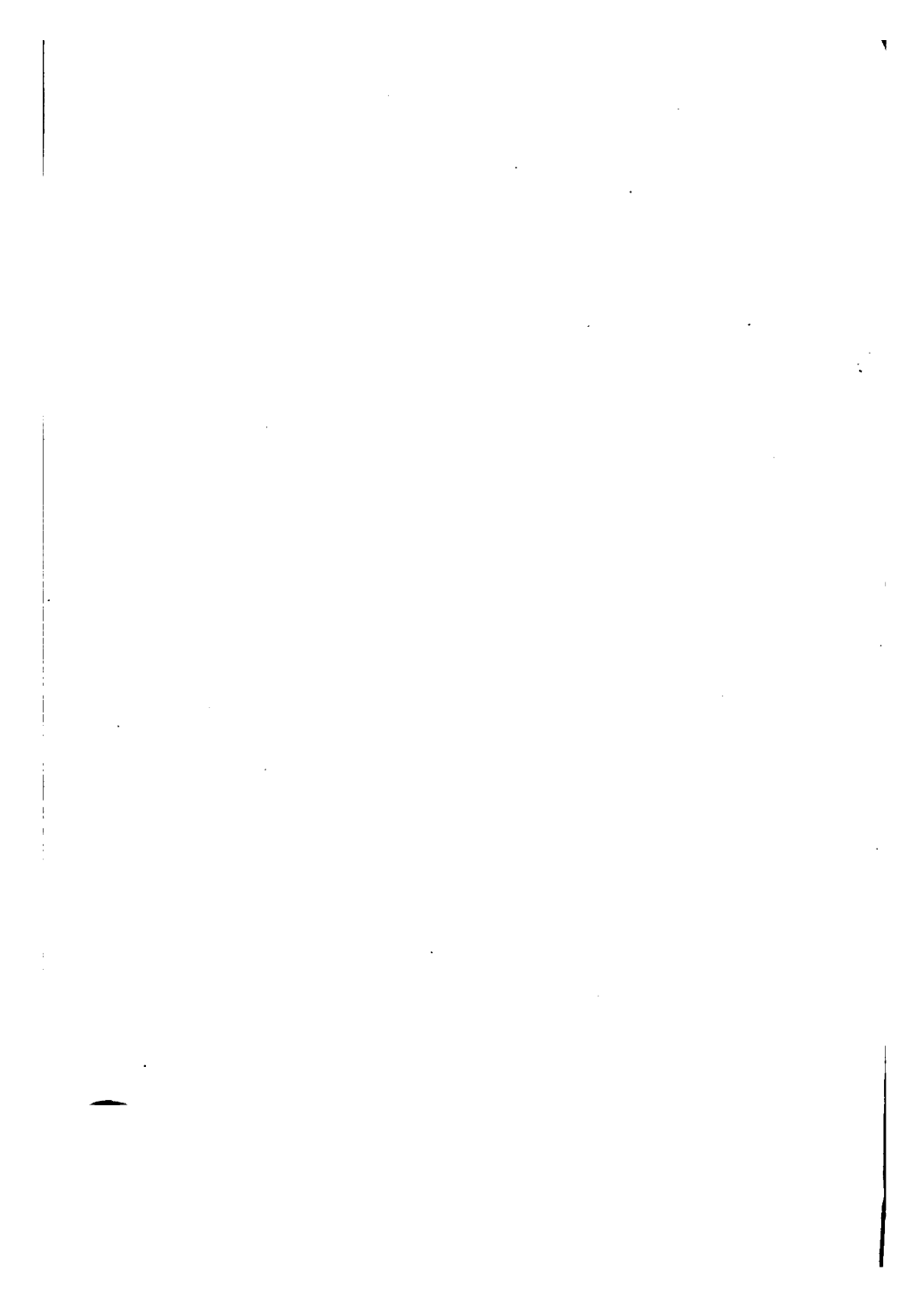
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Reciprocity



2000



SILVER MOON'S FIRST HUSBAND.

RECIPROCITY

A Story of Love
and Mining

By

Asenath Carver Coolidge

Author of

"INDEPENDENCE DAY HORROR AT KILLSBURY,"

"CHERRY FEASTS FOR BARBAROUS FOURTHS,"

"CHRISTMAS VS. FOURTH OF JULY,"

"BETWEEN TWO REBELLIONS,"

"OUR NATION'S ALTAR,"

"THE SCOUNDREL OF MILITARISM,"

"HUMAN BEINGS VS. THINGS,"

"PROPHET OF PEACE,"

and many other short stories and poems.

Illustrated by the Author

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Hungerford-Holbrook Company

1911

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WATERTOWN, N. Y.

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A. Carver Coolidge 9-20-129 ✓

TO
MY GOOD UNCLE

Evan (Carver) Townsend

A DESCENDANT OF
THE QUAKER CARVERS
WHO CAME FROM ENGLAND WITH THE
WILLIAM PENN COLONY
TO ESCAPE RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION,
THIS BOOK
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



Preface

THE Lake Superior region is full of varied interest to all but the hurried and dull-eyed visitor. It is a sort of a Geni's Palace. Once begin to investigate and observe, and door after door flies open. Treasure after treasure is unlocked and you find yourself in a goodly if not a fairy land.

I visited the Lake Superior region soon after the Civil War and was so fascinated that I attempted to weave a story out of the things I saw and heard there; but it did not come up to my expectations, when it was finished, so it was laid up for repairs. When I took it down again, many things had happened since I journeyed through that hyperborean region, of which I could obtain only an inkling. There was an industrial problem as vast as the region itself. The golden wand of the Rothschilds was waving over it. The scientific vision of the Agassiz was peering into the very heart of its treasures.

Millions of money were being made out of it and there were wild rumors of the re-discovery of the "lost lode!"—the famous long lost lode, which when found would give "a wonderful speed to the wheels of labor and employ a million of men!"

Preface

But what of the conditions of labor and what of the men, is the humanitarian question. The Calumet and Hecla mine owned mainly by The Agassiz's and in which the rich "lost lode" was supposed to be, already has shafts 7,000 feet deep—Awesome depths where no man can work without the aid of ice and wet blankets!

What need, we would ask, has the world of such a monstrous output of metallic products? What will they be used for chiefly? Will they be used for the building up of the world or tearing it down?—for the saving of human life, or its destruction? For strengthening of the bonds of Human Brotherhood and perfecting reciprocal relations with our nearest neighbor which will be an example for all the world to follow.

ASENATH CARVER COOLIDGE.

WORCESTER, MASS.

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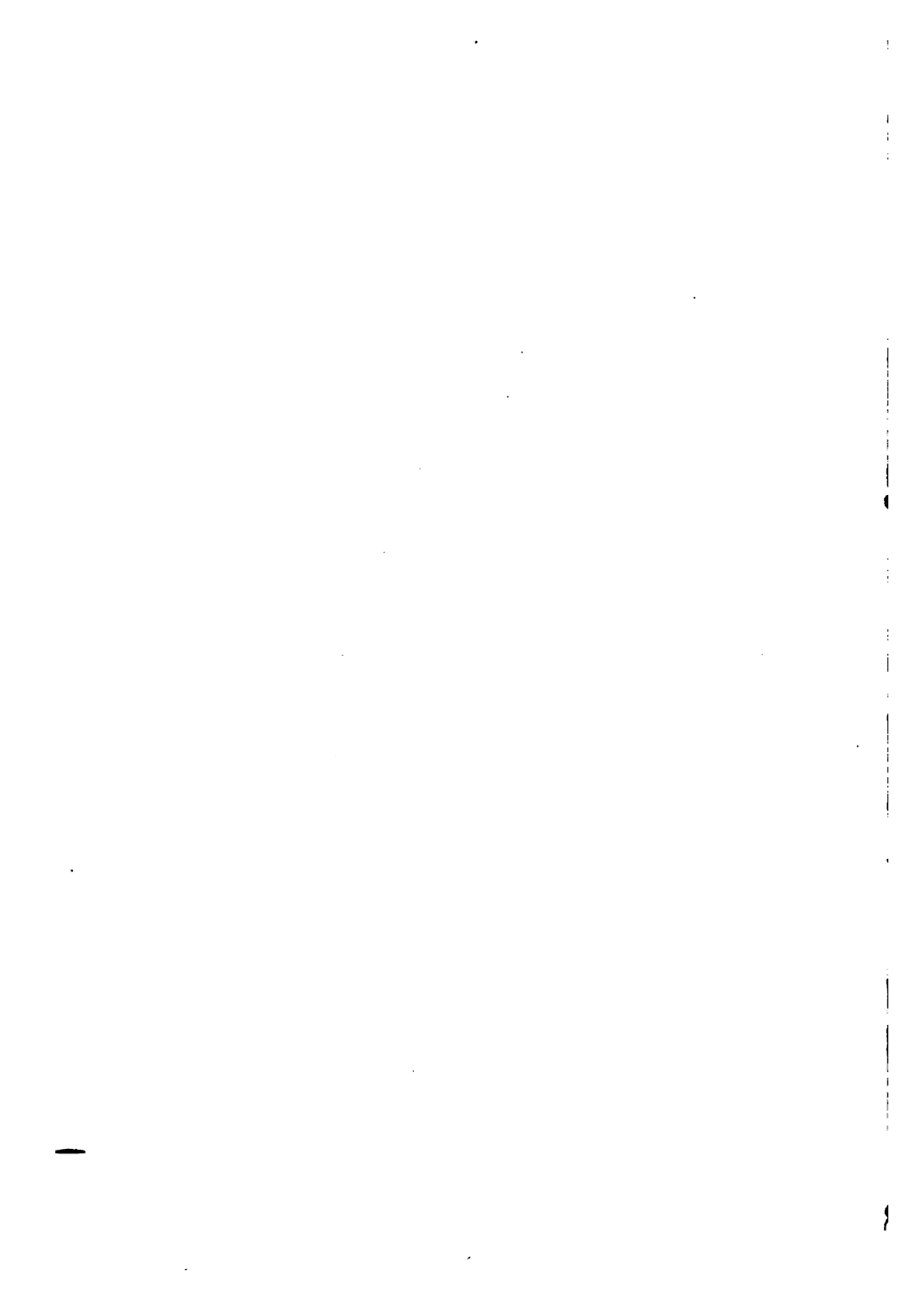
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RECIPROCITY

A Story of Love and Mining

CHAPTER I.

"I hear the far off voyagers' horn
I see the Yankee trail
His foot on every mountain pass
On every stream his sail."

Whittier.

A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN PREFERS AMERICAN MINING TO MILITARY LIFE.

WITH guide book and field glass in hand, Jared Carl Auber of Cornwall, England, graduate of the Oxford School of Mines, was pacing the deck of the Walkinwater steamboat bound for the copper regions of the great North American lake.

It was a bright morning in early June, but it was far from being a bland one. In spite of the brave battle, which his fervid majesty from the South, was waging with the ice-king from the Hyperborean, cutting breezes came out of the white, low-scudding clouds, which made Auber button his coat to the chin and pull his traveling cap down to his eyes.

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The deck was as yet quite deserted. A man with an enormous muffler about his neck and his hands jammed into the depths of his great coat pockets, came out and swore at the "tarnation cold weather;" but failing to warm it up by such device, soon withdrew. A woman with a heavy embankment of gray shawl reaching to the bridge of her nose, opened the door a few inches—gave a sharp cough and shut it with a bang; but Auber's warm interest in the beautiful panorama before him was weather-proof. The Pillars of Hercules were receding in the distance. Islands abounding with silver and copper, agates and carnelians, greenstone and amygdaloid, shone out of the morning mist. It was the beginning of the wonderful mineral region, about which he had been taught so much, dreamed so much, and in which he hoped to find a good field for the application of his hard-won knowledge and perhaps—a home. Who knows? There is apt to be a hope of the latter kind, lying like a green island in the midst of almost every young man's plans, however worldly they may be. And Auber was young, as a man's age is counted, certainly not more than twenty-five, and showing as yet more of the imprint of the other world, than of the wrinkles and creases of this. A handsome man truly. Fair complexion with a healthful ruddiness—light curling hair, large blue eyes, and a tall, finely formed physique.

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He may be thinking even now, of some "fair maid" not "of Perth" but of Penzance, over beyond moorlands of scarlet heather, where geraniums and hydrangias and camillas are in full bloom and enjoying both the vision and the reality all the more for their strong contrast.

Surely there is a glamour of something besides the love of science on the handsome face. Some other love may be helping to keep his heart warm this cold morning; but too much speculation as to what is going on in the inner temple of a young man's mind is almost as impertinent as open questioning. We will go no farther. We will not even glance over his shoulder as he stops in the shelter of the wheel-house, takes a sweet scented note from his innermost pocket, reads it carefully and returns it shyly. To do him justice, however, it may be well to add that he had not the native born Londoner's dislike of inquisitiveness, and the hearty willingness with which he had answered the questionings of his fellow passengers had made him the recipient of not a little voluntary and valuable information with regard to the people and places along the way.

"This is our last landin' place, fer a long spell," said the mate, as they approached a place inhabited by fish only, if one might judge from the immense number of fish nets stretched out on poles to dry. "We hef tu keep er eye skinned 'long here yu bet. We hain't got nothin' tu hitch

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ontu if we git tu runnin' tipsy-like. Yes-sur-ee we've got a big thing of it now—most a hundred mile 'thout a harbor tu save yer soul. Guess the English can't beat that."

Auber laughed. A big thing in the shape of a savage harborless coast was surely not a matter for vain boasting and he wondered if the English on the other side of the lake could boast of as bad "a big thing." He had made quite an elaborate study of both the English and American shores, but he never had paid any attention to the harbor business and therefore was not qualified to speak on the subject; but a hundred miles of wild region like this, just as an introduction to three or four hundred yet to come, was something to wonder over in earnest. Then to think that beyond this and on the margin of the same lake, there were teeming cities and ponderous industries and beyond it great prairies and more cities and more industries, and then great mountain ranges and other cities and industries stretching on and on to the Pacific slope—the city of the Golden Gate! It was a big thing and no mistake. Auber was beginning to think in Yankee dialect.

That his wonder was of a complacent rather than a jealous nature could hardly have been due to the reflection that an English duplicate at least in the matter of coast line, could easily be furnished. Coast line was not "all there was of it." England had not furnished him with the

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employment he was fitted for; and America had; so it was "mighty easy" for him to believe even without the aid of statistics, that the latter had larger industries, larger enterprises and far better chances for the would-be worker, than England had. There was a feeling abroad that there was no longer elbow room on the British Isle for an energetic and brainy young man. That it was too fully occupied by Royal families, royal palaces and preserves—by lords and nobles and ornamental gardens and hunting parks. That all she could do for young men not "to the manor born," was to give them guns and swords and send them off to some other Island to pick a quarrel with the natives, slaughter them and take possession of their land.

When this view was first thrust on Auber's attention there was a memorable scene in the old rectory library. His invalid mother was there surrounded by her blooming daughters. It was the hour for her gentle teachings and her boy had not come. She clasped her transparent hands and waited with sweet patience—the other-world patience, the world to which she was fast going. Presently he came rushing in—his face glowing with anger, his eyes dilated with dismay.

"O mother! mother!" he cried, throwing himself at her feet and burying his face in the folds of her dress, "Uncle Brutus has been saying dreadful, dreadful things!"

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"What did he say, my son?"

"He says I must stop taking lessons at home—that it's making a big baby of me—learning me lots of things I'll have to unlearn. He says it's well enough for girls to be brought up not to chase butterflies, or frighten or annoy or kill any living thing; but it's all nonsense for me because I've got to go out in the world, sword in hand and carve my own fortune. O mother! mother! what does he mean?"

The mother took his face in her white hands and wiped away the tears.

"He means well, my son, but he doesn't think as I do, nor as your dear father did. We believe in peace and love and helpfulness at all times—in conquering hate with love—cruelty with kindness—wrong with right—in glorifying the King of Heaven instead of the kings of earth. He believes in war and the sword—giving blow for blow and in fighting for his country, right or wrong; and I suppose he wants you to believe as he does; but remember this my son. You do not *have* to believe as he does, nor as *anybody else does*—no, not even as your father and I did. Seek Truth for yourself."

"But I *do* believe what you tell me, dear mother. You tell me only good. I can't help but believe."

A tear slid down on the boy's upturned face and crystal drops were wetting the immaculate pinafores of five of the younger sisters.

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"Uncle Brutus says I have the physique for a soldier—my father's physique; but I must not make my father's blunder. That the only chance I have to be anybody is to take a military course, become an army officer and stand on the watch-tower ready to slay England's enemies. What did he mean by poor father's blunder?"

The mother covered her face and wept in silence.

"Forgive me my son—'blunder' seems such a wrong word. They tried to *make* him enter the army; but he had a horror of it and could not be induced to learn to slay his fellowmen in order to win laurels for himself or bulwark a throne. Then they insisted on his entering the University and preparing for the ministry. He objected. He knew he had no talent for it. He wanted a business education but the whole family were against it. They threatened to disown him and do dreadful things. They compelled him to give up. He had splendid physical energies and no chance to use them. The sedentary life ruined his health utterly. O my son! my son! I fear it might be the same with you! I know if you do not enter the army your Uncle will insist on your entering the University; but perhaps you have the brain for it."

"No I haven't mother, and I don't want to learn a lot of things I've no use for. I don't want to strip my sisters of their money to go bumming

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through college. I don't want to do the mean, awful things that Uncle Brute says army men can do and have them 'winked at.' I don't want royal honors and garters if I have to pay blood money for them; and I won't be brutalized by the army nor crammed by the University. I'll hold fast the good things you have taught me, dear, blessed mother and I'll learn the things I want to learn—that I have use for; and I'll do the work I'm fitted for though all the snobs in England look down upon me. If there isn't any work for me to do here, when I'm ready for it, I'll go elsewhere—to America perhaps and work my way up to a level with my fellows and earn my own money like an honest man, so help me God!"

"Bless you my son! Stand fast! stand fast!" said the mother in her inspiring voice.

Young Auber flung himself out into the room—stretched himself up to his full height, shook back his curly hair that only needed a turn to transform it into Jupiter's classic locks—while the seven sisters made a ring around him as white and shining as those of old Saturn himself.

It was his first proud day—the day on which his nearest had shown that they trusted and approved of him entirely. Henceforth his way was clear. Things that had appeared like monstrous giants only a little while before were only scoffing devils that slink away before the brave soul that has a clear vision of its needs—throws fear and

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trembling to the winds and stands ready to summon its best energies to the fray.

By the time Auber had attained his majority he had wrenched the desired knowledge out of the non-elective, straight-laced English schools—had decided to relieve his mother-earth of “five-foot-eleven” and was on his way to the land of the larger possibilities and the larger relationships without a doubt. At least he was in a frame of mind to credit the New World with almost as many large things as the native born. And yet he was but dimly aware that he was steering straight to the portals of a region which would ere long light the fires and turn the wheels of one of the largest industries of the known world!

CHAPTER II.

"I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be
The first low wash of waves where soon,
Shall roll a human sea."

Whittier.

HE MEETS A LIVE YANKEE, GEN. WHITLER, AND
HIS DOG, YAP.

"**T**HAT's Gen'ral Whitler and his dorg Yap," said the mate winking significantly at Auber as a tall, lank, angular specimen of humanity emerged from the fish nets and stepped on board.

"He's a regular live Yankee, he is."

Auber thought he had already made the acquaintance of the type mentioned, but he was soon convinced of his mistake. The companions of his voyage, whom he had regarded as live Yankees were fossils compared with the one who was already making his way toward him from the rear end of the boat.

"It 'peers we're 'bout the unly wuns thet kin stan' this sort o' thing," said the General balancing in front of Auber and cramming his hands into his wide spreading nankeen overalls with a

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vehemence which set the contents of his pockets "a jingling;" "but mebbey yew'r frum a purty cold place yerself."

"Nothing like this," said Auber. "The wild roses were in bloom, more than a month ago where I came from."

"By jiminy I reckon yew'd be pesterd tu find more'n a few johnny-jump-ups an' a cow-slop or tew in these yere woods. 'Tain't much of a place fer posies enyhow. Posies ain't pushin' nuff fer this tuf climmit, durn me ef tha air. It's foaks as hes tu du the heft o' the pushin' here; an' I guess thet's wot lord-a-mighty gin us these yere lokermotivs fer," said the General looking down approvingly on his long muscular legs. "Yes-sur-ee, ef he'd intended us tu set still, ur du a little no 'count wobblin' 'round, he might jest as well gin us unly wun leg, like a tree, er tied us onter a bush like a posy."

Auber assented to the self-evident proposition and the General thus encouraged proceeded to unfold his theory "of push."

It was an elaborate unfoldment in which his dog Yap came in for a practical application of non-intelligent push, but he finally wound up by saying:

"No-sur-ee ther ain't nothin' but good square push thet'll 'complish enything up this way. Les' see, wot place wuz it I understood yew cum frum?"

Auber had not said anything as yet, to en-

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lighten the General on this point; but he proceeded to do so with cheerful alacrity. He realized he was in the presence of a real Yankee at last, before whose excursive intellect the vastness of nature paled into insignificance.

"Cornwall, England," said Auber.

"Cornal! Wal now, I hope yu ain't wun o' them praktikil miners—no I'm sure yu ain't by yer looks. We yewst tu hear a heap 'bout praktikil miners frum Cornal; but tha'r 'bout played owt durn 'em. Tha hain't o' no more 'cownt than injun geologers,—*tha* hain't. Wy sur tha yewst tu cum here in droves an' snoop rownd an' plaster ther beggurin' permits on all the handiest places an' git up maps an' cheat foaks owt uf ther great-granmuthers! Wy sur tha cum it over a reglar Varmownter once—wun o' them wooden-nutmeggers, wot's harder tu take in than a sword-tailed fish with his sword all primed. 'Twuz fun tho' tu see how slik tha dun it. Tha hed a mine all picterd owt on thur map an' marked '*resarved*.' Tha pertendid tha wuden't part with that mine, more'n tha wud ther skelps. Tha hired a half starved, '*honest-injun*' lookin' feller tu report it all rownd, kind o' secret, thet ther mine wuz bustin' full o' preshus ores—gold, silver an' dimuns mebby an' tha wuz goin' tu wurk it ez soon ez tha got capitel frum hum. Wal yu see the Varmounter wuz lookin' fer jes' sech a mine an' he hed the capitel right in his paw; but tha hild owt

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'til tha got 'im ter hankerin' fer it the wust kind. Then all tu wunst tha pertendid tu be ded broke an' humsick ez dorgs. Then the sharp Wooden-Nutmegger tuk 'vantage uv 'em an' bought 'em owt at a redewst price, an' tha cut stick fer Canady instanter. Yu see t'wuz latish in the fall and Nutmegger cudn't git tu see his prize 'til latish in the spring. Yu see 'twuz teejus biznis gittin' thru a hul string o' lakes in them days with ther old fashind turkle-shaped, side-wheelers, but he tried it and cum durn nigh gittin' froze up solid; but when he did git tu see it, durn me ef 'twarn't 'bout the smallest sight he ever set his squinters on—a spot 'bout ez big ez a suller-door, right on the aig uv the lake wher the drink slopt onter it at the least rise o' the wind. The rest o' it run under the drink. By jiminy! I never heerd a feller swear wusser'n he did. I wuz kinder bro't up tu it but durn me ef he didn't make my head reel. Yu see that wuz more'n forty years ago and I heden't got tuffend tu it then. Mr. les see—wot might I call yer name? ”

“J. C. Auber,” was the prompt reply.

“Wal now, Mr. J. C. I reckon yewl diskiver some tallish swearin' up this way; but lord! tain't nothin' tu wot tha kin 'complish on tother side o' the drink. I yewst tu swear sum merself 'fore my old woman broke me, but I never cud hold a taller dip 'side o' them gol-durnd English-French and Injun-Canuks; but mebbey yewl cross over tu them

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arter yewve finisht us. Did I understand yu wuz on a sight-seein' tower or on a biz tower?"

Auber understood the dodge and informed him of the exact nature of his business.

"The Beacon and superintendent! By Jiminy!" exclaimed General Whitler. "We'll wiggle paws over that! It's a kind of a meetin'-house mungst us, the Beacon is—dewin' its dewty right strait along. Never's flunked owt sens 'twuz born'd. Yu see religion's a mity good thing in its place and the Beacon got a little religion in it on the start. It hed a plucky parson frum below 'mung its stawkholders and the fust time tha torked uv flunkin', he brussel'd rite up cock shure and planked down \$50,000 that hed jest fell tu him frum wun uv his grandmothers and told 'em tu mogger right along and tha moggerd, and tha hain't never tried tu flunk sens, hev tha Yap?"

Yap wagged his tail, then proceeded to watch Auber while he was looking through his glass at the beautifully indented shore.

"I tell you what 'tis," said General Whitler, "them shores and pints yer squintin' at, ar chuck full o' mossybacks."

"Mines that aren't worked, do you mean?" asked Auber.

"Wusse'n that. Mines thet hez ben lost. Wy sir, thers ben more mines lost in them woods than wuz ever fownd in any forin' kentry. Ther wuz a lot of fellers cum frum below once and camp't owt

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there jest fer the fun o' the thing. Wal sur, whilst tha wer kind o' perewsin' round fer game, tha cum kerplump on the richest kind ov a tin mine; but lord tha lost it afore night and tha never cud find hide ner hair on't aterwards."

"How unfortunate," exclaimed Auber. Yap whined softly.

"Yes, it wuz onfortunit, ratherish, tho' tha didn't lose no hard work on 't; but say, them plucky old anshent miners is what takes the tuck owt o' me. I cud hev a big snivel over them any time o' day, durn me ef I cudn't. The pitifist old mossyback I ever sot my squinters on, wuz down back o' my place. It told ez plain ez a grave-stun, jest how tha hed peckt and tugged and heaved, with nothin' but stun hammers tu peck with and nothin' but histers made of trees tu histe with. 'Twaz a big, solid hunk o' copper thet weighed 18 ton. Arter tha hed peckt and peckt—lord unly knows how many times—and got it all cut rownd ez neat ez a fiddle, then cum the beater. Tha cudn't git it tu go tu market, no more'n Merhomet cud git the mountin' tu cum tu him. So thar old Mossyback stuck, nobody knows how many hundred year; but 'twuz long 'nuf fer the histers tu turn tu punk and the moss tu grow tu er three feet deep on its backsides, durn me ef 'twarn't."

"What an interesting specimen it must be," remarked Auber. Yap jumped up in his lap and licked his hand.

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"Yes-sur-ee and what du yu 'spose we did with that interestin' specimen ov a poor old Mossy-back?"

"You didn't worship it, as the Indians used to do, I conclude," laughed Auber. Yap tried to laugh too.

"I'll be dashed ef we did. We all took holt and sent that old Mossyback tu Washington and it did more fer us than a gol-durned senator wud tho' the moss on its back wuz three foot deep. We've got a right smart village on the spot now, I'll eat the greaser ef we haven't, fork and all."

Auber said he could swallow the story without foreign aid—Yap snuggled up to him and put his paw on his field glass and General Whitler continued.

"Tell it not to Peter Piper, Mr. J. C., but the fact is we've larnt a thing er tu 'bout mining sens I wuz a kid. Tha hed a spell up here when tha cudn't git a dum-fired cump'ny tu look et nothin' but a fissure vein. Allus huntin' fer fissures—nothin' but fissures down under green-stun cliffs. Yu cudn't git even a rascally forin' miner tu *work* in nothin' but a fissure and the gol-durned geologers uphild 'em in ther nonsensery. But jest as tha'd got all settled intu a fissure, it happened thet one ov them old fissure vein ranterers got his cumuppence. He wuz gin'ral superintendent ov what he 'sposed wuz the splendidest fissure mine in the world and he got so cracked over sum

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bunch copper that wuz sent tu him one day, that he mownted his snow shews and went fer that mine. His intenshun was tu buy up all the loose stawk thet lay rollin' round. He didn't hev tu go but 300 mile thru a howlin' wildernis, and it didn't take him but six weeks; but when he got thar the fine fissure mine hed all peter'd owt. He'd ben a judge down below and thet wuz the name he went by; but arter thet, tha called him Bessamer Pig. Partly berkase he'd took his fust lessons in that sort o' mine and partly bekase he weighed 'bout 250 pounds, and morely berkase he tried tu be a fust-class stawk-gobbler."

"Probably he didn't feel like being called a judge after that," said Auber.

"I guess he didn't. He wuz all peterd owt himself—down with the *mal-de-racket* ez flat ez a flounder fer six months. But arter thet it turned owt thet the biggest paying mine in the hul caboodle wuz a conglomerit. Then the conglomerits wuz the rage; but now I guess everybody knows thet a good fissure's good and a good conglomerit's good. I guess thet's 'bout the size o' thet thing."

"The Beacon is a fissure, isn't it?" asked Auber.

"Yes-sur-ee and a fine old fissure tew. No danger o' thet peterin' owt," said General Whitler, slapping his pockets with tremendous emphasis. Yap barked his loudest bark and the trio went in to dinner.

CHAPTER III.

HE GETS CURIOUS INFORMATION ABOUT VARIOUS MATTERS.

“**D** ID you know the former superintendent of the Beacon,” asked Auber, presently.

“Hanch? I reckon I orter. He’s my old woman’t nevew, and I helpt ’im tu the job thet is, I gin ’im an alfred slick settin’ owt considerin’ I didn’t kno’ nothin’ ’bout ’im, an’ never’d seen s’ much ez his profile. But yu see the old superintendent died and Mis Milner wuz on her deathbed and Milner wuz ez good ez dead with his (blind) *no-see-em* eyes and natrally I wuz anx-yus tu du ’em a good turn. I got so turrible anx-yus thet I thort I’d venter tu du the turn fust and the findin’ owt arterwards and give warnin’ ef he war’n’t all O. K. But I cudn’t find owt nothin’ durn me ef I cud. I never wuz so dum-fuddled sens I wuz born’d— Didn’t kno’ he wuz goin’ tu vamoos nur nothin’; but ef he’s ben cuttin’ up munkey shines at the Beacon, he’ll git the munkey’s tail clapt ontu ’im ef I hev tu live a hunderd year tu du it. It’s the coolness ov the thing that rakes me down.”

Reciprocity

Auber tried to fancy what kind of a man it must be that could evade General Whitler's sharp questions. The General assisted him by remarking:

"He's a specimen o' wot I call '*cold short*.'"

"What's that?" asked Auber.

"Yu see we've got a sort oviern up here, we call '*cold short*,' and a kind we call '*red short*.' If a feller snaps me off and won't tell nothin' I call 'im '*cold short*.' When he gits drunk and blazes round and warnts tu paint the town red and boss his own terbaker juice, I call him '*red short*.' I invented the thing merself and it jibes middlin' well with the kentry I reckon. Ef I cud ov sot my squinters on his old clam chops in the fust start he'd hed tu open up and pan owt, ur he'd lost his chance at the Beacon, durn me ef he wudn't."

Auber was astonished at the ease with which a position of such importance had been gained; but he expressed his satisfaction with the invention and the General continued:

"I wonder ef yu kin git a squint at Ben's Island with them big specks o' yourn. I't like tu sho' yu Ben's Island. It cum durned nigh b'longin' tu yewr side o' the howse. Yew'd hed it sartin ef 'tadden't ben fer Benjermin Franklin's cast iern jaw. Ther's another name tackt ontu it now, but Ben it orter be and allus will be fer me."

"Ther wuz a turribel tuff thing happened thar in urly days. A man and woman wuz hired tu keer

Reciprocity

fer some mining duffel thru the summer and the boat thet cum tu take 'em hum in the fall got hedid off with a big freeze and them tew critters got left tu winter it owt, with nothin' but a misabel shanty—nothin' tu eat and not a livin' soul enywhair round. It wuz a savage piece o' bisnis yew'd better bleev. The man cudn't stan' it. He died 'fore the winter wuz half owt and left his widder tu conduct the funeral and shirk fer herself; but she didn't shirk wuth a cent, durn me ef she did. She wuz up and dressed fer the hul on't. She wrapt 'im up in a blanket and berried 'im in a snow bank ez neat ez a fiddel. Then she buckeld tu and chopt her own kindlin' wood and snared rabbits and tuckered thru; and when the boat called in the spring, she wuz reddy tu go aboard corps and all!

"Wal sir, I hapend tu be on thet boat and t'war the pitiflist sight I ever got a squint at. A hul boat load ov ruff men got right rownd her and blubberd and groaned like a jinywine funeril. I tell yu sur t'was 'nuf tu make a quail ov a lion jest tu heer 'er spin 'er wolvisk yarn. Wy sir, a harrycane cum one orful night and took her shanty right off frum her hed and rammed it intu a mass o' pines 20 feet off. Now how in creation du yu speckum she managed thet bisnis?"

Auber confessed that his spectrum failed to solve the riddle.

"Gosh-ol-firelocks," exclaimed Whitler, "thet's

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wher she showd her s'perior cunning. Ef she'd ben a man, she'd a split her gizzard all tu flinders tryin' tu git it back wher he'd sot it; but she didn't try tu git it back. When the storm let go, she moved right over and the next time old Harry cum along with his cane, shanty didn't move a solitary peg. 'Twuz jest whar it wanted tu be.

"But I hope ther'n't nothin' owt o' jint over 't the Beacon," continued Whitler. "I heer *no-see em* Milner didn't git along quite s' well sens his wife died. She wuz tru pluk, she wuz. The dorter ov the pluky parson who saved the mine frum mossybackism; and pluk 'ul go furder with a passel o' miners than the strongest kind o' meat vitels. An empty squirt-gun with pluk tu back it, is better'n a Colt's revolver, with all the trimmins, any time o' day. Milner's wife broke up the wust kind o' row once jest by plungin' right intu the middel on 't and floppin' her two white hands. Miners ar a ruther tuf set; but it's ez easy tu manage 'em ez 'tiz tu roll down hill, when yu've got the rinkle ov it and she'd got it larnt, Mis Milner hed. The miners jest worshipt thet woman yu'd beter bleev."

"Milner has a daughter has he not," inquired Auber in a hesitating way as he raised his glass and looked at the distant shore.

"Yes, but I s'pose she's tu yung yit tu take much intrist. Yu see miners ar a curus kind o' critter. Sumtimes they'l take tu drinkin' and

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fightin' and cussin' and everything bad, jest fer lack ov sumbody tu take an intrist in 'em."

"That's human nature the world over," said Auber.

"Spouse 'tis; but it's kind o' curus ain't it, that we can't berhave jest berkase it's right tu berhave? Nevertheless and howsumever, nun ov us old lake fellers 'ud like tu see the Beacon go down and I feel like givin' yu a hint, confidenshaly privit so tu speak," added Whitler turning to Auber's ear and whispering in a breath that might have been heard at the other end of the boat. "Yu jest take a sharp look et yu'r underground bosses. Sumtimes it's one o' them plagy undergrounders thet kicks up all the row."

"But mebby 'tain't," continued he in his usual tone. "Mebby 'tain't nothin' but a wild sort o' hankrin' fer sumbody tu take an intrist in 'em and it 'pears nun but wimin folks kin du thet kind o' thing satisfactory; but mebby yew'v got a wife thet's comin' and that'l make the thing all straight."

Auber disclaimed being so fortunate as to possess that kind of aid.

"Wal thet is unfortunite," said Whitler. "Tha've got a minister, thet's in the same canoe. He means well nuf but he ain't o' no more use tu them hard hedid old miners, than a grass-green sequesterd old idjit, he ain't. Tha did hev one in Mis Milner's time that was jest the racket—allus

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rownd seein' ter things whilst the men wuz underground—helpin' the muthers see't the boys didn't git into no mischuf, and he hed a darter thet wuz made in his own image. 'Twuz an orful pity thet she cudn't a kerrid on the church, arter he died, she hed just the gumption fer thet kind o' thing—born'd in her so tu speak. She used tu git the yung-uns tugether when she warn't more'n ten year old and take a text and preach a sarmon thet made ther hair stan' on end—perticularly them thet hed ben hookin' jelly er jack-knives."

"She ought to marry a clergyman," said Auber.

"Mebby tew of a trade cudn't agree to be in the same famerly," said Whitler; "but she orte stuck tu her father's church I guess; and mebby she would ef 'taden't ben one o' them high fal-lutin, dumfferd norrer ones. The norrerness on't didn't make no diffrents tu her father—he wuz broad 'nuf tu kiver it all up; but the present encumberer ain't. He 'pears tu be cut tu fit and 'tain't a remarkabel clus fit nuther so fer ez I kin judge."

"If you believe in women's preaching, you must believe in their voting too," remarked Auber.

"Guess she wouldn't hurt politics ef she should meddle with 'em considrabel," said Whitler, cocking up his eye. "This is man's civilization and I'm free tu say he's made a mess on 't. When he gits himself curried off and lunges owt agin he'd better take the women along. *Yes-sur-ee*, a woman

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kin be useful and ornamentful, tew; and ez I said afore, it's onfortenit you didn't bring one; but I presoom to say yewr engaged. 'Pears tu me I see suthin' in yer eye that pints thet way."

Auber felt himself blushing to the roots of his hair in spite of the ridiculousness of the assertion. Yap whined and looked at him in doggish sympathy. He raised his glass and turned his eyes westward.

"A mirage! a mirage!" he exclaimed, "and a beauty too!"

CHAPTER IV.

HE SEES A MIRAGE.

A MOMENT before, nothing was visible in this direction but the chopped waters of the lake stretching out to the horizon. Now above and beyond it rose, or "loomed" as the captain expressed it, a silvery sea, dotted with fairy-like islands, crowned with innumerable dusky shapes and intermingled with shining possibilities of sails, masts and church or lighthouse towers. The deck was soon thronged with passengers, gazing at the spectacle in silent admiration. It was no uncommon sight for lake travellers but it is hardly possible for one to have a surfeit of anything so clouded in mystery—so sweetly phantasmical as a mirage.

"Curus ain't it," said General Whitler, after the vision began to disappear; "but du yu kno' I've got my 'pinyun 'bout them shows."

Everybody stared. Was it possible the General was going to commit himself on such a difficult subject as mirage?

"It's my 'pinyun them's wot the gol-durned Injuns yewst tu call, floatin' islands, tho' them ole missionaries wuz fools nuff tu think thet the islands

Reciprocity

the Injuns called '*floatin*' wuz them thet didn't *float* a gol-blasted inch; but stood stalk stil an' let the fog blanket an' on-blanket 'em. Jest ez tho' the Injuns didn't kno' fog frum a beef's foot an' bro't up on it tew. Humph! Them ole nincom-poops yoost tu tell lots o' yarns 'bout the Injuns thet ain't got no more sens in 'em than an' ole crumpled cow horn. Thet's bowt the size o' thet thing."

"Let a live Yankee alone for getting around a subject he can't handle," some one remarked. "He'll do it every time and manage to drop a common sense remark by the way."

Yap barked vigorously and the passengers in general, showed a sense of relief.

"General, do you think it's a sign of a storm," asked a sickly-looking woman. "I always feel so nervous along here."

"O Lord no! 'Taint the sign of plesant er on-plesant wether; but it *is* a skittish place. Howsumever Mr. J. 'C. 'tain't so bad ez 'twuz fore U. S. Guvment tuk it in hand; but we hed tu tell 'em sum orful wolvish yarns fust. Jest fer the kewrosity ov the thing spose yu aim thet squintin' tube o' yourn at them pints right off thar."

Auber complied with the request.

"You see the lake sets bak b'tween 'em ez aisy ez a rockin' chair. Wal now I sa ef the Lord ever ment anything by his works, he ment thet fer a harbor. If a boat cud slink in thar wen it smelt

Reciprocity

a storm 'twud be ez snug ez a bug in a rug; an' it's big nuf tu hold evry boat thet runs the lake, ef it only hed its mowth dug owt.

"Wal sur we axed U. S. G. tu kerry owt the Lord's intenshins an' we bakt ovr pertishun with a map o' the hul shore, an wot du yu spose we named the map?"

Auber gave it up. "Graveyard fer U. S. G.'s Lake Marine," said the General; "an' we made it look like a fust clas' graveyard, I'll be blasted ef we didn't. We hed the stuf tu du it with tew. The hul shore is litterd with broke up ships. Yu can't see 'em frum here more'n you kin the rotten logs, but we made 'em show up ez frightful ez foaks'es skilletons; bersides mixin' in a few skilletons o' men an' wolves tu maik it look moar skeery. Then we hed a picter on th'out side, of a mashed boat, and a '*prize lot*' o' men, streekin' it, toard the fur away lighthows, with a big passel o' wolves clus tu ther heels."

"But you didn't get your harbor after all," said Auber.

"Yu bet yer life we didn't; but we got the life-savers instid, arter a long pull. 'Twarn't wot we went fer; but nobudy gits zacly wot tha go fer, leestways ef tha hev tu go tu Washington instead of heaven fer it. Ther's a big package of wolves thar thet howls wuss over a harbor bill than ovr hum-groan wolves duz, over the wust kind of a shipwreck.

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"Curus ain't it? Yu carn't tech Guvment on the pervenshun biz. It 'pears tu look on itself as a kind o' Charity Moregull, who carn't conderend tu save enybody's life 'till 'tain't wuth savin.' Ef we shoud go ter smush on them picterd rocks this p. m., the life-savers wud probberly git thar in time tu save the remains."

The nervous woman looked aghast and tottered back to the cabin. They were entering the very heart of danger now. A series of sandstone bluffs rising at some points to a height of two hundred feet, stretched along the shore for a distance of five miles. The *schkuee-archibi-kung* of the Indians and the fiercest of them all. Haunted, according to their wild legends by the pranking deity Menniboujou who with his faithful allies, the worrying waves, has been building mock caverns, castles, amphitheatres, and churches at their feet through centuries of time.

The beautiful Pictured Rocks! Who has not heard of them? They are famous alike in song and story. They are dreaded and admired alike by the fisherman in his sailing smack, the voyager in his egg-shell canoe and the captain in his staunch and steady-going steamship.

"Curus ain't it?" said General Whitler; "but's my 'pinun thet the juice o' minrals dun that air paintin', tho' thur's lots o' suspishus fools, thet thinks it's dun by a great big injun spook. Yu see this ere kentry's so chuck full of minrals of all

Reciprocity

colors that tha ooze right owt of the roks like swet owt of a feller's face."

Auber remarked that they looked "like an army of savage chieftains."

The comparison was not inapt. They had their war paint on. They were plumed with Banskian Pine. Woe to the poor ship, sent by the cruelty of wind and wave to knock for mercy at their dumb and stony doors!

CHAPTER V.

THE PROFESSOR AND HIS WIFE AND SPECIMENS.

THE mirage faded slowly away and the passengers of the Walkinwater steamboat settled down again to their usual diversions. Mr. Auber was watching the lights and shadows on the beautiful pictured wall past which they were slowly steaming.

"It is wonderful! wonderful!—the beauty and the immensity of it!" exclaimed a voice close at his ear. "What a grand field for scientific research! A wilderness rather! An immense wilderness! A paradise for beetles, beasts and serpents! Enough to make any creature with a spark of Promethean fire wish to have the span of human life doubled, aye, tripled and quadrupled!"

Auber turned and found himself face to face with the Professor, who had got on board the night before at a wild place called Point o' Pins, with his wife and a great many boxes and bundles, which from the tender care bestowed upon them by himself evidently contained things infinitely more precious than millinery or wearing apparel. Both parties looked very much jaded, as though

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they might have been roughing it for a month in an unbroken wilderness, and Auber did not wonder that after they had succeeded in getting themselves and their treasures securely into their state-room, they were seen no more either that evening or the next morning. They looked as though they needed to sleep a week.

Auber looked at the enthused face then looked again and wondered where he had seen it before, or its near likeness.

The Professor nodded. "Yes, there is room for an army of scientists—all the scientists in the known world and it would take them a whole life time to explore it with any degree of thoroughness. What a pity we couldn't have it mapped out in sections and set them all to work—all at least that can be found in this country. The museums here are so meagre and so poorly stocked! It's a shame, a burning shame in the midst of such unparalleled richness. The Government ought to send a hundred men here instead of one."

Auber thought even the voice had a familiar ring and was trying to think where he had heard it or one of the quality when General Whitler came to the rescue.

"I take it stranger," said Whitler "that yew'd recommend us tu hev a show of wild animules and varmints all of our own ketchin' insted of draftin' so largely on those of forin' countries, and durn me if I don't think that's abowt the right kind of

Reciprocity

docterin'; but I guess yu hain't ben a perusin' rownd this country long if ye cackelate the Guvment's gwine tu help such biz very muchly. I've hed several tussels with it and I've never found it any tew previous in the improvement line, but mebbly yew'r a forriner and know a trick or tew t' I hain't caught onter yit."

"Yes, I *am* a foreigner," laughed the Professor, "but I've been in this country 'quite a long spell' and they say as I've given the Government quite a good deal of '*chin*' and have been held up to the '*top notch*' of ridicule for asking for an appropriation for a museum for the benefit of its own people."

"Ridicule is a light weapon," replied Whitler, "but it's sharp enough any where outside of an elephant's hide. What did they say stranger? Excuse me, I don't happen to know your name."

"Professor Agnoris, they called me on the floor of Congress; and one big, hulking, comical member dubbed my proposed museum, 'A Palace for Bugs!' But I got it all the same."

The three men laughed heartily and the dog Yap wagged his tail and snorted.

"Excuse me," said Auber, after the merriment had subsided. "Are you the father of Alex Agnoris? I knew a young lad of that name in the Oxford School of Mines, London."

"Undoubtedly," replied the Professor. "I have a son of that name and I left him in the Oxford

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School once when I went away on a long cruise. He was a great enthusiast on the subject of mining, and latterly on some other things which I can't get up a ripple of interest in. He is a great worshiper of Darwin for instance, while I worship the Creator of Darwin and exalt him so highly that I can't believe that the man he created in his own image, was originally an ape."

"First rate," exclaimed Whitler. "I guess I begin to see how yu managed tu git the appropriation for Bug Palace. Yu were more'n a match for the funny member."

"That wasn't all of it," said the Professor. "I promised to devote my whole life to the stocking of Bug Palace and I'm trying to pay the price now. I'm working my way to Oregon."

"Ruther a heavy price," said Whitler. "Yu might die before yu git the Palace rigged up tu suit yu, or git humsick and hanker fer the place yu were born'd at. Lessee, did you say t'was London?"

"No, indeed! It was Switzerland—dear little liberty-loving Switzerland; but I belong here at last, thank God and my son is thoroughly acclimated. When I die I hope he will leave off following Darwin and turn his attention to Bug Palace. It's not the name to please a scientist you perceive," he added, turning to Auber; "but there are worse ones. They used to call Botanical Gardens 'Physick Gardens.'"

Reciprocity

"P'raps ther'll be a hitch between your son and Darwin and they'll fight themselves apart," suggested Whitler.

"I fancy it would be like the fight between the Ovists and the Animalculists. The Ovists claimed that mother Eve had at the time of her creation, two hundred thousand million of human germs in her possession. The Animalculists claimed that Father Adam held all those germs in his own possession. Neither was right."

"Larry dear," called Mrs. Agnoris, coming hastily on deck.

She stopped suddenly and laughed as she met Auber's surprised look.

"What is it love," asked the Professor—"any trouble in the family?"

She hesitated, laughed again and then replied:

"Yes, yes, dear, I never saw such a wild commotion. The snakes are trying to lash themselves into whip-cords, I should think. The little one that lay coiled up so snugly in your slipper, is swinging about the room trying to find a hole for escape. The beetles you fastened into the crown of my hat have departed to corners unknown; and all the caged things are buzzing and bumping as though something awful were going to happen."

"Atmospheric pressure," exclaimed the Professor, and seizing hold of his wife's arm they hurried off to the centre of disturbance.

Reciprocity

"He has married an American wife recently I believe," remarked Auber.

"Yes, she acts like it," said Whitler; "and it's easy 'nuf tu see she's with him in the museum business, head, neck and heels, durn me if 'tain't; but it's a big job they've got on hand if thew'r' goin' tu gather all the different stripes of bugs, betwixt here and the off shore of Oregon."

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOG YAP SCENTS A STORM.

AFTER the departure of the Professor and wife, someone began to thrum on the piano in the cabin below. The notes were unusually discordant, jerky and rambling. So much so that Auber fell to wondering if "atmospheric pressure" might not have something to do with it. He fancied clumsy human fingers running wildly over the keys, seeking for expression even as the Professor's bugs and reptiles were running wild to get out of their prison. But this was not the end of it. Presently a voice in a high key sang out:

"And only man is vile."

Yap whined and looked wistfully into his master's face.

"Yu don't like it du yu Yap?" said General Whitler. It's s'much as tu say t'owtside nater never cuts up any didoes, and t'ain't trew as fer as I ken jedge. No-sur-ee. Ther ain't no more New Testament in it than ther is in lots of other slings and slams aginst poor human critters.

Reciprocity

'Cording tu my kind o' ciphering, folks ginrally speaking ain't much viler than they hef tu be, if they set owt thru a dumb wilderness, tu git ther insides and outsides decently lined and clothed, durn me if they air. What beats me is, thet we don't try harder tu make it easier fer each other, seein't the airth's so mighty hard tu cultervate and grub a livin' out on, and it's such hard sail-in' in gineral. That we don't quit warrin' 'ginst our enemies when we know if we'd unly let 'em alone, they'd die themselves. That we dont quit slandering and backbiting each other and such kind o' rinktums—"

The voice from the saloon wailed out again in a still higher key—

"And on—ly ma—n is vi—le."

Yap began to whine again as though he were in great distress.

"Guess mebbly she's never ben owt in a Lake Sperior storm, or she wouldn't think this yere planet wer a paradise exactly—even with the vile man left owt." said General Whitler. "It's ben my good forin' t' be owt in more'n one big storm on this identickle lake, thet I called vile—rather-ish—durn me ef I didn't."

"Bad conditions tend to make bad people, without a doubt," remarked Auber. "It takes a heaven to manufacture angels successfully."

Again the voice wailed out in such a high key that it cracked short off before the word vile and

Reciprocity

Yap whined still more distressfully, running from Auber to Whitler and pulling at their trousers' legs.

"Durn me, ther must be suthin' owt o' gear with this boat," exclaimed General Whitler, starting up excitedly. "Yap wouldn't du s'much whining fer a song."

The boat gave a lurch and Yap began to howl in earnest.

"Putting owt tu sea with a vengeance. Mebby the Captain's afear'd o' them speckeld bewties."

"Do you mean the Pictured Rocks?" asked Auber.

"Reckon so, Mr. J. C., but nevertheless, paradventer notwithstanding, t'wont du no harm to go up tu the harrykane deck and take a look er tew. If it's a cyclone we can't look it owt o' cowntenance wuth a cent. It'll keep right on sighin' just the same. They'r ruther vile institutions they air, tho' ther's a little girl on the boat that's named arter one. Cyclonia—thet's her name. She was born in a cyclone—a purty, toltable vile one, 'pairently. It cum 'thout invite and ripped ther farm bildin's all tu smithereens and killed ther cows and all the rest o' the famerly but her and her mother. When it got tu them, it jest took 'em right up, house and all and gin 'em a free ride over tu the back eend o' the farm and sot 'em down right eend up by a haystack."

On the upper deck they found the captain

Reciprocity

standing at his observation post like a man of iron.

"Sighted a sarpint, Capting?" called out Whitley. "Is't headed d'rect fer owr crew?"

"Sou'-west," growled the captain.

Auber looked through his glass and saw an ugly looking cloud whirling along at a rapid pace and just beneath it an egg-shell canoe with an Indian woman in it, standing, as erect and motionless as the captain himself.

"Look General," exclaimed Auber, handing him the glass. "I wouldn't like to be in her shoes, with such a wild sky overhead."

"It don't look much bigger 'n a pair o' shews, I allow—thet tottlin' canoe; but mark my words Mr. J. C., we may go down inter a trough of the sea and not be able tu climb up agin; but thet pesky injun 'il come up as easy as she goes down and she'll cum owt right eend up on the home stretch, durn me ef she won't. I've heern o' her. She ain't got no book-larnin' but she's got lots o' natral gumption. She knows by the color and curl of the waves jest how fer beneath the face o' the water the dangerous rocks lie and she can swish her boat thru the rockiest pair o' jaws the Lord ever invented. I've seen the critter go swirl-in' round them savage pints, when the wind was blowin' great guns—when jest one little slip o' the paddle would have plosterd her on to them rocks so tight she never'd a winked agin; but she

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didn't make the slip, durn me if she did; and she's never made one yit, tho' I reckon she's ben owt in abowt ev'ry storm they've hed round here since she was bornd. It's her business tu watch fer storms and gather up the shells and stuns they fling into the caves and hollers o' the rocks. No-sur-ee you needn't worry 'bout her. She's got her life boat all afloat and knows how tu run it tu a dot; but we hev got tu unhitch own and float 'em off with a lot of lunnyticks hangin' on tu 'em and a blarsted idjit tu handle the craft. That'll be my part tu tend tu ef the wust comes tu the wust."

"And mine?" asked Auber, anxiously. "My education in water-craft has been sadly neglected. I'm not an expert swimmer. I think everybody ought to be in this world of more than half sea."

"Truly they ort Mr. J. C., but I reckon you'd be a good hand at keepin' the women and children quiet and helping them on with the life-preservers. Du yu know 'tain't one in ten 'tknows how tu put on a preserver so as tu hev it preserve. Some gits 'em so't ther heads go where ther heels ort tu go; and some'll run mad and snatch others' belts and put all they can git ontu ther own carcasses. I saw a feller once with eight on his own carcass. Guess yu could lay such a feller owt and bring him tu his senses."

"Yes, but the Professor," queried Auber, "what could he do?"

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"O!" laughed Whitler, "he won't ask my advice. His animules 'ill be first mortgagees in his craneum. He'll have all he can du tu keer for them and he'll du it tu, durn me if he wont. He didn't git that Bug Palace owt o' Guv'ment tu let it go unockerpied, tho' the Guv'ment wouldn't be likely to bother about it if he did. Yu see it's ruther an onreasonable Guv'ment some times. For instance it compels the boat captings tu hev preservers all tucked away safe under each bunk, but it don't compel the critters thet okerpy the bunks tu know how tu use 'em, ner give 'em as much chance as they need tu larn how tu take keer o' themselves anyway. Guess if Guv'ment would turn its military schools intu life-preserving schools and sech, and larn ev'ry durned one of us how tu preserve life and make it sweet and healthy, instid o' picklin' it and makin' it sour and sickly or destroying it teetotally, 'twould be dewin' a right smart job. More water-craft and less state-craft would be the thing; but as I remarked afore Guv'ment's jest as 'tiz and carn't be no tizzer."

"Yes-sur-ee. That was one of Miss Milner's hobbies—tu hev a sort of training school tu teach the children how tu preserve life instead of throw-it away—how to swim and take keer o' themselves and others in case of fire and flood and prevent accidents in general. I reckon it's a purty good hobby and a gentle one and ort tu be

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rid much more'n 'tis. I'ts the perwenshun of accidents we're behind-hand in, in this country, durn me ef 'taint."

"But you can't prevent cyclones from coming, General."

"No, not yit quite; but we ken be prepared for 'em on land at any rate. We kin build cyclone caves and skulk into 'em when we see one p'inted our way. I've got one on my place that I invented myself. If safe harbors didn't cost no more'n that, I reckon steam-boaters wud hev sev'ral long here."

The captain gave a suppressed growl.

"Anything yu'd like tu hev Capting, to ease yer stomach?" asked Whitler.

"Yes, damn it, that safe harbor you made such a hubbub about and didn't get after all your blowing. This is about the ninety-ninth time I've hankered after it."

"Anything else handier, Capting?"

"Yes, damn it—pull in Old Glory—stick out old distress rag—hack away at the life boats. You know how to chop better than talk turkey at Washington."

General Whitler gave Auber a sly wink as much as to say, "you see how he feels about the safe harbor business," and was soon giving orders like a king and working at the life boats like a slave.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORM.

THERE is nothing so difficult to describe as a storm at sea. It is a veritable imagination-baffler. Those who have not been out in one cannot hope to describe it at all. Those who have, cannot hope to do it full justice unless they are of the sea-faring or extra courageous kind who have been able to keep their eyes open and their faculties alert in the near presence of such danger. 'Of the hundreds of human beings that have been shipwrecked and ultimately saved from watery graves, very few have been able to give more than an exceedingly tame account of that wildest of Dame Nature's savageries—a storm at sea.

No land storm can equal it in the sense of utter helplessness which it inspires. On *terra firma* there is hope. We may be storm-tossed, blinded, drenched and driven! but we are quite sure of landing on solid ground at last and we feel that we have ten chances to one of coming off with a few scratches or bruises, or at most with a broken

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leg; but to be flung into the great gaping hollows of the sea!—the cavernous bowels of the bellowing ocean! What chance of rescue is there?

Auber was brave by nature; but he was not a sea-going man. Crossing the channel on his way to this country was his first experience with the treacherous element. The channel is always rough. It was rougher than usual the night he crossed it and he did not enjoy it. The alternative of being strapped to his bunk or thrown on a watery floor at every dip of the steamer was not a pleasant one; but the trip through the long line of North American lakes and rivers had been simply delightful. The propinquity of the beautiful islands and shores exercised a protective influence and he had not dreamed of danger. But now, when nearing the end of his journey—when his heart was beating with new life and vigor and his hopes were high—to become suddenly aware of the fact that a storm was coming which might end all with one fell swoop—made him tremble in every limb. He was further oppressed by the consciousness that at the very threshold of his business career he was confronted by a danger with which he was but slightly qualified to cope. With all his conscientious preparations for his work he had not thought of preparing himself for an emergency like this—the life-emergency. Without life how vain were all the rest!

When Whitler gave him the final order to go down



POKEY MOON—SILVER MOON'S SECOND HUSBAND.



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below and attend to the women and children, he went; but he had to stop before entering the cabin and pull himself together. He stamped his feet to steady his shaking nerves. He ground his teeth together and a gust of wrath at the Government swept through him. Yes, the Governments of the whole world, that were so reckless of human life—giving millions to slay and so little to save. It stiffened his nerves and muscles and gave him a spasm of personal courage that incited him to struggle against vile forces and do his best for himself and others. But personal courage is not Divine courage. It lacks the guiding star. Auber looked up involuntarily. There were no rifts in the blackening sky. No window of blue in the terrible heavens through which he could fancy his father and mother looking at him with loving eyes; but high upon the rising billows he saw again the lonely figure of the Indian Woman, still standing erect and apparently undaunted in her frail bark. There was courage beyond any that he professed. It may not have been truly divine but it had a touch of the divine. He bowed his head shame-facedly and went in.

On entering the cabin he saw a very different scene from what he expected. The nervous lady who had turned pale at the bare mention, made by General Whitler of "going to smush on the Picterd Rocks," was the central figure among the passengers gathered there, and by far the

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calmest one of the number. She was talking to them in a gentle, composed way. The men were listening with bowed heads. The women were looking at her as though they were trying to gather new courage, and young girls were kneeling at her feet. Cyclonia's mother was sitting at her right hand, holding in her lap the child that had been born in a tempest. On her left hand was the young lady who was singing "Only man is vile," just before the storm broke out. She was sobbing softly and wondering "what they had done that the Lord should afflict them so." The child Cyclonia was as placid as a Raphaelitic angel. She was eating cakes out of her little lunch basket.

"She's always like that," said her mother—"calm amidst storm. She seems to like storms."

"A good example to us now," said the nervous lady—"even the eating. I propose that we get out our lunch baskets and have a feast. If the worst comes, the food will help sustain us."

Auber thought it would be a good plan and suggested that the life-preservers should be got in readiness.

They went about it with cheerful alacrity; but the storm waited not. Ere the feast was finished a sudden blackness fell upon them. The storm struck the boat with a noise like thunder. It rose aloft, it creaked and shivered—it writhed and groaned and twisted. Husbands were calling

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their wives, and mothers were soothing their children. The desolate were praying to be saved. Auber had his arm through the rail of his seat and was holding onto Yap as though he was the last straw. General Whitler's last words were ringing in his ears.

"Stick tu him Yap, yu and I ken swim and he can't swim none to speak of."

It was far from consoling. He felt himself to be at the very bottom of the valley of humiliation when he was dependent on a dog.

Presently above all the misery and tumult rose the voice of the nervous lady. She was singing in high flute-like notes that sounded like a voice from heaven. The suffering human creatures were listening to the words:

No more the weak incessant cry,
Help, help, Thou me!
But with high courage say
Help me to help my God:
And where I'm ignorant and blind
And cannot see His way
Help, help, Thou me to Him obey.

He chasteneth the brutal winds and seas
With His almighty rod.
He whirls His worlds into majestic shape
He bids me stand aside—
Out of the track of hurricanes and floods!
Off from the subtle sands!
Help me to harken to His wise commands.

When the singing ceased a loud amen chorus

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came down from the hurricane deck, through the pulsings of the storm and high above it rose a shout wild and eyrie.

"Half human and half eagle," whispered Auber, "I wonder if it isn't the voice of the brave Indian woman?"

The next moment a wave of light came rushing in. The passengers were shaking hands with each other. The boat was sailing in safe waters. The vile cyclone had passed on to torment and make afraid other peoples and other lands and seas.

While Auber was receiving the profuse caresses of Yap, General Whitler nudged his elbow.

"A middling close shave, warn't it, Mr. J. C.? But that song was wuth it all, durn me ef 'twarn't. So high up that it seemed as tho' 'twar dropping down on you from the sky. She was born up here in this region and she used tu be a great singer, and knocked all the New York singers out on the high notes. But she gin it up a number o' years ago and took tu composing I heerd. I thought ther warn't nothin' left to her but a bundle o' narves, but I reckon she kin sing sum yit when she gits primed fer it, and her composin's about as c'rect as they make 'em if she gin us a fair specimen."

"I'm mighty sartin of one thing. If the Capting hadn't got us out of the track of that vile cyclone instanter, it would have boosted us sky

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high and flung us on them Picterd Rocks, 'thout 'smuch as asking fer a permit."

"But the dear Professor and his wife!" exclaimed Auber.

At that moment they made their appearance arm in arm, smiling serenely as though nothing had happened. The fact was they had been so absorbed caring for their precious brood that they had no time to be frightened.

"My husband says he has no time to make money," said Mrs. Agnoris, leaning affectionately on his arm, "and I believe he will never have time to be frightened about himself at least even if he should be caught in the worst hurricane that ever swept the ocean."

"Not unless you told me I must dear," laughed the Professor, spreading his hands suspiciously over his coat pockets as though to prevent the egress of restless occupants. While he was guarding said avenues, a splendid black beetle stuck his glossy head from under the lapel of his vest pocket.

"You never need to be afraid o' pickpockets I reckon," remarked Whitler.

"No, for two reasons," laughed the Professor; "but you ought to have seen how scared the poor things were when the storm was raging."

"Their chances were pretty slim of ever getting to Bug Palace," remarked Mrs. Agnoris.

"When the boat reared on end they of the

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private boxes must have been terribly upset," laughed Auber.

"Oh no?" replied Mrs. Agnoris, "we had got all the boxes tied to the stationary furnishings when that event took place. We would not run the risk of having them tossed about, poor things!"

Whitler gave a long, low whistle, indicative of having made a new discovery. "I tell yu what 'tis, my dear friends. It's my opinion according to latest advices that ther ain't nothing better fer ironing out ruffled narves than to be in the business of collectin' bugs for Bug Palace."

"Provided you have an able and loving assistant—one that can love your bugs and you too," said the Professor, glancing at his wife.

"I speckum yewv had a good sprinklin' of queer assistants in your work," remarked Whitler.

"Yes," laughed the Professor. "I had one once by the name of Leeuwenhock—a comic fellow. He claimed to be a direct descendant of the famous microscopist Anton Van Leeuwenhock who discovered the circulation in the capillaries of a frog's foot."

"Yes, yes," said Whitler, laughing long and heartily. "I see more and more how 'twas yu got ahead o' that durn'd Bug Palace Nincompoop."

"You see it won't do to be afraid of a beast or Bug or serpent of any kind. You must meet their eyes firmly—yes, more than firmly—gently and

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lovingly. Love comes off conqueror nine times out of ten with all kinds of animals, even men," said Agnoris.

"Really, are you never afraid of them, Mrs. Agnoris—the reptiles and the poisonous ones?" asked Auber.

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Agnoris. "The worst will let you alone if you will let them alone. They only fight in self defense or when they are starved. You must feed them instead of starving them. Do you remember Larry, the old Tarantula you put into my shoe on our wedding trip?"

"Yes, dear, very distinctly. It is to have the seat of honor among the Tarantulas at Bug Palace."

"Well, Mr. Auber, when I went to put on my shoe in the morning, I had forgotten it had been converted into a Tarantula bunk; but instead of biting me it skittered up into the toe of the shoe as though it knew there was some mistake about it."

"Perhaps it knew from the first handling that it was to have fair treatment," laughed Auber. "I have an idea that all the little ones of earth are more acute than they are generally thought to be."

"We have that idea also," said the Professor, drawing his wife's arm more closely within his own. "'We have it bad' as they would say in this country. We handle our possessions very care-

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fully and we think that's the right way—my wife and I, and we had good proof of it when we brought some specimens over from a Canadian Island," laughed Mrs. Agnoris. "The Custom House Officer insisted on opening our biggest box, altho' my husband told him it contained only 'natural products that were duty free according to the English Treaty.' The officer laughed and said '*that treaty* had expired as much as an hour and a half ago,' and proceeded to open the box rather roughly; but when a big black snake raised its head and hissed at him, he ceased his joking!"

Whitler laughed heartily and Auber did more than laugh. He looked at the one and the other and then at the vest pocket with the beetle in it and the beautiful white and brown hands clasped tenderly over it enviously. Then he strolled around the corner of the wheel-house, took a sweet scented note from his own breast-pocket, read it, kissed it and put it carefully back again, just as he had been observed to do on a former occasion.

CHAPTER VIII.

HE TAKES TEA WITH THE BLIND MINE OWNER.

IT was no common picture, that group of three heads, which the Rev. Ichabod M'Queen might have seen had he branched off at a narrow path that led past the library window of a charming Eastlake cottage, instead of marching straight up to the front door and pulling a tassel that hung there in lieu of a bell knob; but the Rev. Ichabod had conventional rather than aesthetic tastes, or at least the conventional took the lead. He did indeed admire the native brown stone freckled with yellow, of which the cottage was built, the native wood planks of which the door was made and the massive copper bars, with which they were enclasped; and various carvings and adornments that had struck him so pleasantly on his first visit more than a year ago. Since that time he had been a frequent visitor and was supposed by some of his parishioners to be engaged to its mistress, Ozene Milner; but he would no more have thought of rambling off through the side path in response to the sweet-scented notes

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of invitation from the violets and vervaines, which came to him with every puff of the June breeze, than he would of preaching to his Keweenawton flock outside of cravat and surplice.

In fact the Rev. Ichabod was conventional in all his ways, even his matrimonial ways; and so one day instead of receiving the usual pastoral call Ozene received the following note.

Most highly esteemed Miss Milner:

I have become deeply interested in your acquaintance and indulge the hope that you will kindly permit me to pay you frequent visits, with the view of entering into future matrimonial relations, should both of us on a riper knowledge of each other adjudge it best. All I ask you to say at present is, whether or not your affections are engaged and if my visits at your house would be entirely agreeable.

Truly your pastor and friend,

ICHABOD JEROME M'QUEEN.

Ozene was greatly surprised at the note and finally got so puzzled as to the proper wording of her reply, that she called her confidential friend Celeste Garry to her aid. She knew what she wanted to say, but it was so hard to put it in language sufficiently respectful and decisive. Celeste was a clergyman's daughter and would

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know what was due to the cloth naturally. The result was the following:

To the Rev. Ichabod Jerome M^cQueen:

DEAR SIR—In accordance with your request I have to say that I am not engaged. Also that judging from my feelings it is not at all likely there can be other than friendly relations between us. Our house has always kept open doors to the Pastors of St. John's church and I hope there will be no occasion to reverse the order.

Respectfully,

OZENE MILNER.

After this the Rev. Ichabod continued to call at the cottage with a little more regularity and the same formality as before and Ozene was not conscious of any "ripening" process on which an engagement to wed could possibly be founded. She was one of those busy, practical young women to whom, knowledge of certain kinds, comes in what might be called flashes. A knowledge based on perception rather than reflection.

The flash that came across her at the time alluded to in the opening of this chapter, was accompanied with the spectacle known as sunset. At the moment of its occurrence the last rays of the sun, which was sinking behind the blackened roof of the Keweenawton mining shaft,

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glanced athwart the formal hat and coat-skirts of the Rev. Ichabod and flooded the group of heads in the library window, one of which they seemed bent on transmuting into a globe of shining gold. The head in question belonged to Mr. Auber. The one with tawny, silken braids was Ozene Milner's and the other with iron-gray locks was Mr. Milner's. The first two were bending over a big ledger and the last was lifted slightly up in a listening attitude peculiar to the blind. The best effects of light and shade were visible only to the outside observer; but not to say that Ozene noticed some of said effects, would not be giving her credit for having (as Celeste was wont to say), "eyes all around her head." She noted the playing and the frisking of the sunlight with Auber's classic locks, so unlike the close cropped hair of the Rev. Ichabod. She noted the very blue eyes and fair skin that harmonized so beautifully with the flaxen curls. She noted the finely shaped head that would have had almost a babyish look had it not been for the sturdy neck and broad shoulders that supported it. But she was not so absorbed as not to notice that Celeste was reaching out for another founce of the dress on which she was working.

"Enough of those troublesome founces. Please take Dr. M'Queen into the parlor and entertain him until we are done with these worldly ledgers."

"You will have to take instructions from my

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daughter, Mr. Auber," said Mr. Milner, apologetically. "I had no one else when Hanch left and he gave me no warning, helpless though I am."

"I shall be happy to do so," said Auber and his face did not belie his words, but Ozene looked troubled and he added, "that is if it is not disagreeable to her."

The truth was, Ozene disliked Hanch and had been so glad to be rid of him. For three years he had been the superintendent of the Beacon copper mine which had come into Mr. Milner's possession through his wife, who died soon after Hanch's advent leaving Ozene, their only child, to take not only her share of the stock but the duties and obligations it imposed. Of these the mother had much to say to the daughter during her last days; but her last words were, "you must be your father's eyes, and beware of—"

The sentence was left unfinished but it was not long before Ozene supplied the name. It was Hanch. In using her eyes for her father as well as herself no wonder she saw things clearer than almost anybody else. There is an adaptability of vision as well as of other faculties without doubt. Among the first things she saw, was that Hanch was the vilest of bookkeepers; but her father would not consent to her supervision of the matter. He had no eyes himself and had learned to do without them. Why should she want to see

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to everything. All those base business details naturally so disagreeable to young ladies.

To make the matter worse, Hanch had flattered him into believing that his eyeless judgment was more desirable than any other. He consulted him as assiduously as he evaded Ozene and the lynx-eyed Captain Ben Salurian and various underground fellows, who had held the balance of power at the Beacon for years. The strangest thing about it, however, was that just as he had got everything to going *wrong*, he left.

Ozene thanked the Lord for such a miraculous release, and threw herself into the work of getting a new superintendent and straightening out things generally, with an ability that won the admiration of all—all except her father who made daily moan for Hanch and thought everything must be out of joint without him.

No wonder Ozene was vexed at her father's last remark. It showed he valued her services so slightly; but Auber was looking at her expecting a reply. It was necessary they should understand each other.

"I shall be glad to help you," she said, steadying her voice. "I have been glad to help papa. Mamma taught me bookkeeping. She said there might be need; but papa doesn't think much of my work and Hanch would never let me look at the accounts; and no wonder, they were so horribly kept! but you shall see for yourself." She

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opened the ledger at the Hanch accounts. Auber gave an exclamation of surprise and pronounced them "indescribably bad!"

"But results tell," said Milner, "there was no falling off in profits, while Hanch was here."

"But there was a falling off in necessary repairs and safety appliances; and worse still, in morals and good behaviour. There was trouble between the Irish and Cornish. No knowing where it would have ended."

"We oughtn't to lay that to Hanch. Wild blood will up now and then and if a little is let, no great harm is done."

Ozene had a true woman's horror of strife and bloodshed, which no reasoning as to its quality could allay. Her hands dropped on the evil looking ledger. She turned from Auber's sympathetic gaze and looked upon her father's impassive face while he was giving him some of the dry details of the business. There was no flinching in the blind eyes that were turned toward the sunset blaze which shone through the uncurtained window. Poor papa (she thought), he does not *see* the things that happen. If he could only have seen the two squads of miners, this morning, glaring at each other like wild animals! If he could only *see* the cold looks of some of the dear old friends!—She tried to fancy how life would seem to her if she could not see it as a reality. There were so many sad and frightful sights for which

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there was no voice. Looks of hate and despair that beat about in vain for words. The murdered man weltering in his blood—mute appeals from the wounded or dying which no language could interpret.

When he had finished she turned again to Auber. She began where she had left off. He was looking at her attentively and she felt that he knew what was in her heart and mind.

"You see, I can't bear to think of it in that way, and I hope you will let me help you where there is need. I know a great deal about our people, which it would take a stranger a great while to find out; Hanch would never listen to a word I said. He went on cramping the people as he did the accounts. Stumbling against everybody's peculiarities, over-estimating the bad and under-estimating the good. He put a lump of poison, even into their holiday sports."

"I don't know as he interfered with any but the Midsummer revelry, and he gave good reasons for that," said Milner.

"O papa! They were false. I've been among the people a great deal lately and I'm sure of it. They always had their Midsummer games in mamma's time and they say Hanch's restriction was not only an insult to them but to her memory. But it shall be so, no longer. We are going to have a grand old time this summer. A real splendid old Blessing Fire upon the peak, such as

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I remember having when a child. I have promised to do all I can to make it seem like the good old times when mamma was here; and I know you will help me Mr. Auber," said Ozene, with a confident expression which precluded the necessity of a reply; nor was there time for any; for the bell rang and Ozene hastened to the parlor to invite the Rev. Ichabod to stay to tea and be introduced to the new superintendent.

CHAPTER IX.

HE LISTENS TO MISS MILNER'S PLAN FOR MIDSUMMER EVE AND MAKES ENCOURAGING REMARKS.

“**Y**OUR mother must have died when you were quite young, Miss Garry,” said the Reverend Ichabod M’Queen, taking up the thread of a discourse on the subject of mothers, which had been broken off by the tea-bell.

“Yes,” replied Celeste, “I do not remember her at all.”

“What an irreparable loss,” said the Rev. Ichabod. “It’s a great calamity for a child to be deprived of its mother.”

“Yes,” replied Celeste, softly, “but I had the tenderest care from papa and a faithful old housekeeper. Trouble never began till I lost them both and was left to my own way.”

“Ah,” said the Rev. Ichabod, “the way of the dressmaker must be a puzzlesome way—such a ruffled sea; but what tempter tempted you into the way of eating Cornish cream and saffron

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cake?" he added a moment later when the cook sent in those favorite articles of Cornish diet of which Celeste was known to be very fond.

"The same old faithful," said Celeste, smiling. "She was a devout believer in the efficacy of saffron. She was careful to put a full twenty-five cents worth into every cake."

"But you did not tell me what business your father—"

"Dr. M'Queen," said Ozene, calling his attention to herself in a decisive way, "is it possible I have been so remiss as not to tell you that Celeste's father, the Rev. Hamilton Garry, was a former pastor of St. John's church. Her vocation is self imposed and misleading," added Ozene, inwardly burning to take the absent-minded pastor one side and explain Celeste's highly respectable but rather anomalous position in Keweenaw society.

"I presume you have told me Miss Milner; but you did not describe the tape measure and the scissors chain. It's her fault if she comes to me with the tools of the trade," said the Rev. Ichabod, blandly.

"You must tell Dr. M'Queen about the storm you had off the Pictured Rocks," said Ozene, turning to Auber as she would to a relief fund.

"It was a wild one," said Auber. He was looking at the Rev. Ichabod's impassive face and felt inclined to condense his description as much as

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possible. With Ozene as sole listener he felt he could have made a volume of it.

"O, by the way, Miss Mülner, I did not tell you about the Indian woman in her canoe. That was a scene worthy of a separate chapter. To see her stand as though welded to her boat and guide it with such infallible skill over the monstrous waves! Very fine looking too, I think she was, at least she looked splendid in the distance. Massive black hair flying over her fine shoulders—a great, long, red scarf which swirled and flopped in the high gale like wings—a hat with red feathers, which she wisely took off instead of waiting for the wind to do it."

"O it must have been Silver Moon!" exclaimed Ozene. "She's the only fine looking Indian woman hereabouts, and she isn't afraid of the wildest kind of a storm. She came out of it safely, no doubt?"

"Yes, I think so. When the black wall of cloud closed in upon us, it shut her out with the savage rocks, and all else except our own poor scared faces; but when it lifted again, we thought we saw her landing her canoe on the shore beyond the Pictured Rocks."

"I know it was Silver Moon," said Ozene, "she goes to a wonderful grotto there, to collect specimens. She always goes immediately after a furious storm—for then she finds rare agates and carnelians hidden away on rocky shelves. She

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was my old nurse Mr. Auber, and she used to tell me in her sweet language, of the pranks of the storm-god, who left such pretty things for her there."

"If she is as good at rocking a cradle, as at guiding a canoe, you must have been wisely rocked," said Auber.

"I don't know about that but I know I was very fond of her; and mamma trusted her with everything; she married a miserable half-breed, Pokey Moon, they call him; and she never comes to see me any more," said Ozene, in a tone which struck a sympathetic chord in Auber's breast; but verbal reply was out of the question, for the Rev. Ichabod who seemed to have forgotten all about the storm turned to Ozene and said:

"I have to tell you Miss Milner that Dr. Wells has ordered me off to the springs, and I am to go as soon as packing can be properly accomplished."

"Indeed! then you will not be here to the miners' festival?"

"How?" said the Rev. Ichabod. "The Midsummer festival. I spoke to you about it some time ago. I fear you don't consider my plans of much account," said Ozene, laughing, "but they have been enlarged since then. We are going to have a huge old Blessing Fire on Midsummer eve, besides flowers and feasting on Midsummer day. The sun will not pass the summer solstice this season without due notice."

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Auber asked, "if it would be heralded by a burning wheel as in the old Runic Fasti?"

"I suspect there'll be more than one wheel hurled down from the Peak," said Ozene, in a low tone to Auber who sat next her. "There's a rare collection of old wheels, relics of Hanch up there; but I think it will be to celebrate the departure of an evil superintendent, rather than to roll away evil luck."

"I hope you will not feel obliged to attend the festival in person," said the Rev. Ichabod, "I have counted on having your father's company and yours at the springs."

"Not obliged Doctor, but I wish to be here and must be."

"Ozene my child," said Milner, "you forget there's no need of confining yourself to Keweenawton now. It has troubled me greatly to have to put so much on your shoulders. You need rest and you will not think of denying yourself a visit to the springs for the foolish Midsummer sports. You can leave orders with Mr. Auber for having everything properly done."

There was a whole volume of pitiful protest on Ozene's face as she glanced at Auber, which he felt bound to endorse.

"I should be glad to receive any commands from Miss Milner and would do all I could for the festival, but I doubt if I could supply her place. She may think the pleasure to be derived from

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contributing to the happiness of her friends at home, of more worth than the rather vapid amusements of fashionable resorts; and I have no doubt of it, if they are like those on the other side of the sea. I hope you will allow me to add that your daughter doesn't look at all sickly or careworn, Mr. Milner."

"I should think not," said Ozene, smiling her thanks. "If you could only see me as I am papa, you would not think of sending me away for health."

"The wave seems to be waxing too strong for us," said the Rev. Ichabod. "I fear we shall e'en have to set sail by ourselves."

"I don't know if I could go without Ozene," said Milner, taking the Rev. Ichabod's rhetorical sentence in a more practical way than it was intended. "You know my poor eyes."

"There is a way if you really wish to go," said Ozene. "Celeste is going to her aunt's—next door to a fine boarding house. She can look after you and your wardrobe and the Doctor's too, if necessary."

"You see, we men are such poor dependents, in a minor way," said the Rev. Ichabod, pointing the sentence at Auber.

"Not necessarily I hope," said Auber—"at least in the minor way. My mother taught me to take care of my own wardrobe and I am glad she did but I should have thought it most unkind had she

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compelled me to learn to take care of my sisters' also. I have seven sisters."

There was a laugh all around the table. Celeste clapped her hands.

"Customs are different," said Milner. "I believe women work in English mines do they not, Mr. Auber?"

"Yes; and I'm ashamed to say they are apt to have the heaviest work put upon them. They work in places where no man can be induced to go. Even young girls are set to work in these places, at an earlier age than boys from an idea that they are more acute and obedient. It's mean, cruel, barbarous! The Lord helping me I'll never have anything to do with a mining company that winks at such practices," said Auber, with a flush of honest indignation on his handsome face.

CHAPTER X.

"Neddy that was wont to make
Such great feasting at the wake
And the Blessing Fire."

HE ENGAGES IN A LIVELY DISCUSSION AND BEGINS
TO ADMIRE OZENE MILNER IMMENSELY.

"**I** BEG leave Miss Milner," said the Rev. Ichabod, after they had adjourned to the parlor, "to send you a treatise on the Midsummer Fires. It was written by the Rev. Donald M'Queen of the Isle of Sky—supposedly an ancestor of mine. He claims them to be purely pagan rites. Perhaps you will not care to encourage them after reading it."

"The modern idea is to eliminate paganism rather than encourage it. Even absurd sports are better than quarrels and bloodshed," said Ozene; "but I will read the treatise, though I have Dr. Milner's treatise, who is an ancestor of ours and takes an exactly opposite view," added she, laughing.

"The ideal of the people here," said Celeste, "is to have a good soul-stirring, jolly time. They need it all the more because Christmas is such a dead

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season in this Hyperborean region. So buried in snow that we can hardly get a green sprig to decorate with. No wonder the poor miners want to revel in light and flame at least once a year—working as they do all their days in the dark mines.”

“The learned Gebelin thought it would be a pity to annihilate a day of joy when there were so few of them,” said Auber; “but we have more holidays now, almost too many in some countries. The Russians have more than a hundred to get beastly drunk in. Still I see no reason why St. John’s day might not be celebrated as well as New Years; nor why it’s more heathenish to kindle fires in his honor, than in that of the Queen of England or the President of the United States. Celebrating the advent of summer with bonfires and blazing wheels is a poetical idea certainly, but celebrating the bloody wars of nations and the crushing victories of men over their fellow men, with horrible cannon and dangerous fire-works and dynamite, as we do to-day, is a decidedly barbarous one.”

“Gebelin must have been very tender-hearted,” said Ozene, who was deeply touched, but hardly knew what to say.

“Yes, and so was Bishop Gregory too, if what Sir Isaac Newton said of him was true,” replied Auber. “He saw that the poor heathens were very fond of their sun god, just as you see the miners are fond of their Midsummer sports and

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he would not take it away without giving them something in its place."

"Probably the accommodating Bishop saw that the old custom shorn of its objectionable features would be well adapted to the new festival," said Ozene.

"And so Johannes Baptiste was married to a pagan wife and all was merry as a marriage bell," said Auber, laughing.

"The old Fire-worshippers might be excused for worshipping fire," said Mr. Milner. "Fire is a good thing to have, but *'to lave in it, drink of it,'* or compel others to run through it, is quite another thing. Hanch assured me there was a proposition of the latter kind among the miners here two years ago."

"It was false, papa," exclaimed Ozene, indignantly. "I have investigated the slander thoroughly and not a single miner ever thought of such a thing; but more than one suspect that Hanch filled poor old Pokey with fire-water and put the proposition into his head on purpose to break up the custom."

"It's strange," said Celeste, coming to the rescue, "how much worse obsolete barbarisms seem to us than those in vogue. The Fourth of July celebration for instance. The whole American nation is not only permitted to go mad on that day, but encouraged to do so, although the sacrifice and wreck of human life which results from

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it is well known to be something enormous. It's getting to be more and more of a terror every year. One day isn't enough now. There must be a week or two of deadly peril from random rockets and things of that kind. I think I had rather chance it with the old god Baal—draw the black bit of cake—skip through the fire and be done with it, than try to get through a crowd of 'Fourth of July' boys, who are sowing deadly explosives right and left."

"By the way Dr. M'Queen," she added, turning to him brightly, "In the sermon you are going to preach to mothers to-morrow about the care of their children, please don't forget to say a word to the fathers. It's poor encouragement for mothers to watch over their children and shield them from physical danger as well as moral, for 364 days in the year when they know, that the fathers will seize upon them the 365th and thrust them into the Fourth of July arena with as little remorse as King Herod showed in his slaughter of The Innocents."

"I will endeavor to incorporate a hint to that effect," said Dr. M'Queen, "though I think it will be of little avail. Children must continue to get singed and burned until they learn wisdom, without a doubt."

Celeste thought it little better than an evasion and wondered why it did not occur to him to excuse mothers from excessive watchfulness on the

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same score, but she only looked it, while Auber remarked that "the old Scottish herdsmen showed their shrewdness as well as humanity by throwing their nobs of cake into the fire, instead of driving their children and animals through it, but when they prayed 'O fox spare my lambs,' they showed their pagan faith. Nobody now-a-days would think of making such an absurd request of any kind of a fox."

The ladies laughed. Then they listened gravely enough to the Rev. Ichabod's elaborate account of the old Bal-tein—the idolatrous worship of the Philistine fire god. After it was finished, even to the explanation of the precise meaning of the word *Bal* or *Bel-tein* and the various ways of celebrating it, he arose and took a formal leave of the company. He looked pale and tired as though he had exhausted himself in trying to exhaust the subject, or possibly in trying to manage it so as to point a good and sufficient warning to Ozene as to the heathenish origin and tendencies of the Midsummer customs.

"Bored," was Auber's inward comment, "and deserves it for boring others." He had his opinion of Ozene too. She was a brave little woman in his eyes and in no danger of having her plans upset either by Dr. M'Queen, of the Isle of Sky, or Dr. M'Queen of St. John's Church. Nor would she be likely to trouble her bright little head with speculations as to whether the Midsummer fires

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were originally derived from the Celtic Druidesses and Roman vestals, or from the less paganish Carthaginians and Phoenicians. To put it in Anglo-American phrase, he began to admire her—immensely!

CHAPTER XI.

"Child of the forest—strong and free,
Slight robed with loosely flowing hair,
She swam the lake or climbed the tree;
Or struck the flying bird in air."

Whittier.

HE GOES FOR A WALK, HELPS OZENE MILNER RESCUE AN INDIAN CHILD.

BESIDES the falling off in morals and good behaviour which Ozene had spoken of, there was another falling off which had grieved her not a little. It was the falling off of friends. She forebore to speak of it to Auber. She felt sure of winning them back now that Hanch had gone.

"Papa I don't believe that story about Silver." She had it on her tongue's end to say it was one of Hanch's lies; but she had no proof which her father would accept,—so she only said, "I'm going to see about it."

Half an hour afterwards she was hastening along a path in the dense forest which began at the back of the old rock house and extended for miles over a wild region. On the other side of

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the Beacon was a busy little mining town. How sudden the change from one to the other—from the noise and form of civilized life to the soft silence of the virginal wilderness! Trees of hemlock, pine and balsam, carelessly intermixed as nature had made them! Hazel bushes, bramble-berry bushes and sweet briars, unkempt and wild as though they were hundreds of miles from a civilizing hand! It was the busy season in this high latitude. The native thorn-apple, plum and cherry trees, which could turn out at best but a pitiful harvest of sour or puckery fruit, were blooming as sweetly as though they were preparing food for angels, instead of the shrieking cat-bird and her wide mouthed progeny. There was a nestling and stirring of young life and hopeful endeavor among the leaves and branches that struck Ozene as both joyful and sad; for how soon would old winter have them again in his icy grasp?

She stopped and picked a handful of scarlet squawberries that grew by the way. She snatched at a cluster of choke cherry blossoms that hung over a ledge. But what a noise! Had she aroused a legion of cat-birds by her vandalish act or was the Indian's protective deity *Missibizi* on the alert to warn her against wanton robbery? She would steal no more from their sparse Hyperborean granaries.

She hastened on, singing snatches from an old

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Indian song which Silver Moon had so often crooned over her cradle.

Mong-e-do-gwain, in-de-nain-dun. "A loon, I thought was looming."

"Perhaps it was a loon," thought Ozene. "No, there it is again."

She stopped and listened intently. It was a small, sharp cry, more like a child's than that of bird or beast; but children did not live in tree tops and that was where the cry came from. She looked up through the branches into the blue sky and saw a solitary crow swinging off toward the lake. The ridge of rocks from which she was descending ran up into a high perpendicular bluff a little farther on. From its summit a tree stretched out in a horizontal direction over an abyss of fifteen or twenty feet. As Ozene was passing under the tree she heard the cry again, and looking up caught sight of a red dress, a pair of tawny feet and a small, dark face with jet black eyes which were peering down at her through a thin tuft of branches. It was Crescent Moon, the little daughter of her old Indian nurse.

It was not a coveted task, to crawl out on a tree trunk and bring back a scared child; but Ozene saw no other way. It was hardly possible that she could get back safely by herself, although she had gotten there (by the help of Providence) safely enough. Of course, all young

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things are apt to get into places from which they have to be helped out or perish; and at this moment Ozene appeared to be the only one to help. She ran back up the hill, took off her shoes and superfluous clothes and applied herself bravely to the task.

"Hold tight Cressy! Don't stir," cried Ozene, as she set out on her perilous journey. But the child, from a curiosity perhaps to watch her movements made a sudden motion of turning.

"Don't turn! Don't stir Cressy," Ozene cried again; but the command was of no avail. The child wheeled around on the slender trunk. Her feet seemed flying in air. The next moment she must be dashed to earth. Ozene thought all was over. She groaned and closed her eyes to shut out the dread spectacle which she felt sure awaited her; but the childish moan and the dull thud of a fallen body must have been a matter of over-excited imagination; for when she looked again Cressy had turned safely around and was creeping swiftly toward her.

"Tum dit bird ness. Bird spat Kessy's face," said the child, sitting up on her haunches as handily as a squirrel.

Ozene laughed. There was no more occasion for fright on the child's account; and the idea of being coolly invited to go out to the further end of the tree after a bird's nest, was comical enough. Nothing but a matter of life or death

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could have induced her to undertake a feat from which it appeared the child had only been deterred by the fierce battle of the parent bird.

"No! no! Cressy, that's poor old birdie's baby's house," said Ozene.

"Kessy dit birdy baby 'owse," said the child turning around again with the agility of a cat and creeping hastily off, as though bent upon having it.

Ozene called and entreated her to return in vain. Then she tried to follow on! but it was a slow and painful process. The great height from the ground made her nerves shake and her fright about the child returned, in spite of the object lesson she had just received in proof of her superior agility. Cressy had already reached the place where she found her and was branching off onto a small limb that hardly seemed strong enough to hold even her slight weight—but it was the road to the bird's nest without doubt. While she was debating what to do, a huge bird went sweeping by, grazing her shoulder in its blind haste. In another instant the wild fracas between the bird and child began. It was a scene which would have delighted an enthusiastic ornithologist and his sympathy would most likely have been with the bird; but Ozene was again in mortal terror for the child's safety. She soon saw that the odds were against her. Her weapons were only a pair of little hands against a pair of wings and

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a sword-like beak; and while she was using them to protect her face and strike out at the bird her hold on the tree was greatly weakened. A slight injury would have unbalanced her—a beak thrust in the eye, and nothing could have saved her. But her virile strength was something strange to witness and her screams of anger at every fresh onset, startled the silent woods like the yells of the recalcitrant imps of the devil.

“What in the name of heaven is going on there?” called out a voice from below.

It was Auber’s. “Beg pardon Miss Milner—what is the matter?”

Ozene explained in spite of her confusion and Auber was soon at her side, bootless, hatless, coatless and ready for the rescue.

“But you can’t get past me and the branch wouldn’t bear your weight. I *must* go on; but it’s such a relief to have you here, if anything *should* happen,” said Ozene.

“I can get by easy enough,” said Auber, picking her up and swinging her to the other side.

“But don’t go out on the branch,” cried Ozene. “Take these sugar plums. She’s fond of them. Make her come to you. Oh I’m so afraid you’ll get hurt!”

“No, Miss Milner—not if you’ll keep up good faith and good courage. You see this isn’t a good place to faint away in. You’d have to fall fifteen or twenty feet before you could get a place to

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lie down. Promise me not to faint and I'll promise to bring you the little papoose though she should squirm like a string of eels."

Ozene promised and Auber proceeded to the scene of the strange fray. Before he arrived, a truce seemed to have been agreed upon. The bird sat on its nest and Cressy whirled around to watch Auber. After that the contest was chiefly pantomimic. He showed her the sugar plums and made her understand they were sweeter than bird's eggs, and that she must come and get them. She came.

"Kessy hung'y—Kessy seepy," she said softly, as Auber sat her up on his knee and filled her little soiled hands with the coveted dainties.

When they joined Ozene the wild child was playing with his watch chain and munching sugar plums as contentedly as though nothing had happened out of the ordinary way; and before they had finished their aerial journey she lay coiled up in his arms, sound asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

"It is enough for such to be
Of common, natural things a part,
To feel with bird and stream and tree;
The pulses of the same great heart;
But we from Nature long exiled
In our cold homes of Art and Thought
Grieve like the stranger-tended child
Which seeks its mother's arms and sees, but
feels them not."

Whittier.

THE WIGWAM OF SILVER MOON.

HALF an hour after the rescue Ozene and Cressy emerged from the woods into a small clearing, set like a basin in a rim of rocks. Dame Nature had made it an artistic spot to begin with; and no other dame had as yet destroyed it. Moss-covered logs and stumps made inviting seats; and one big, square stone showed signs of being used as a child's table and play-house. Little shells and baskets and broken dishes contained berries and bugs and bits of food. Copper cradles of various sizes held a curious assortment of doll-papooses arrayed and painted in true Indian style. A quaint old wigwam of ample dimensions stood in the middle of the hollow. A native woman of splendid pro-



SILVER MOON'S WIGWAM.

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portions came to the door. It was Silver Moon looking for her runaway child.

Cressy hid her face in the folds of Ozene's dress.

"No, no! mammy no punish Cressy this time," exclaimed Ozene, taking the child up in a protective way, while she described the dangerous position in which she had found her.

"Bad child," said Silver, listening, stolidly—"runs in holes like fox—runs long log like squirrel. Gives mammy hard huntin' ev'ry day."

"Isn't Silver glad Ozene comes to her wigwam?" said Ozene, adopting the Indian style of language. "Ozene wants to see Silver long time. Silver care no more for Ozene. Mamma loved Silver. Has Silver forgotten mamma?"

Silver shook her head and looked piercingly into the girl's eyes. She bore the inspection without flinching and said:

"Silver listen to Ozene. Bad man Hanch told lies to papa about Silver. Bad man told lies to Pokey about papa. That's why Silver comes no more to papa's house to see Ozene."

"Say what bad man told papa about Silver," said she, her black eyes still riveted on Ozene.

"Bad man said Silver liked red feathers too much. Silver bought red feathers and red frocks with white lover's money."

"Me," cried Silver, stretching her fine form to its full height! "Silver Moon!—daughter of In-

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dian Chief—Wife of the great Me-ji-ti-jic! The Great Spirit kill him like a dog!"

The tawny face turned ashen gray. The head was thrown back—the eyes raised in fierce and dumb appeal—the hands were clasped over the breast like a vise. Such is the natural attitude of helpless anger and grief the world over, of a woman foully slandered or wronged.

"The spirit of Me-ji-ti-jic will never rest till the lying dog is dead," wailed Silver in a high-pitched voice that startled Ozene and made little Cressy bury her face and ears still closer in the folds of her dress; but she spoke up courageously.

"Silver! Silver! Listen again to Ozene. Lying dog has gone. He'll never come back any more. He's dead in our hearts. Let us forget him. Let us be friends again."

Silver shook her head from side to side in a despairing way.

"Me no play lying dog is dead, when lying dog lives. Me no play Ozene is Silver's friend when it must not be. The stain of the lying dog is on Silver's face. If Me-ji-ti-jic lived, lying dog would be dead before the sun go down and the stain would be wiped off. Pokey no care for Silver's honor, Pokey no care for no'ting but white man's fire water. Pokey dead drunk ev'ry day. Silver want to be dead, dead ev'ry day."

"Pokey drank no fire-water till bad man Hanch came. Pokey be better now, bad man's gone."

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Again Silver shook her head. "Silver's shame is hard to wipe out. It's on the outside, but it stick fast. Pokey's drink is more hard to wipe out. It's on the inside. Me try and try but me no get at it. It's like big fire in small place. It burn and smoke him through and through. It burn Pokey's strength all up. It burn Pokey's heart all up. It burn and smoke up Pokey's pride. No, no; Pokey will never get better any more. Bad man's work is done. Silver must bear her own shame. Silver must bear Pokey's shame. She must have no friend."

Silver's looks and voice as she uttered the last sentence, were pitiful indeed.

"Silver shall have friends," said Ozene, sobbing. "Bad man said bad things of Ozene. Shall Ozene go without friends?"

"Listen Ozene and cry not," said Silver, going to her and smoothing back her hair with her brawny hands. "What bad man said of Ozene was Silver's shame to bear. It lay hard on Silver's heart then. Now it is like a feather on top of a stone. This is what bad man told Pokey. Silver and Silver's papoose were beggars in the house of Ozene's father."

"O the dreadful wretch," cried Ozene, "to say such things of Silver who works and works and never begs! Of good Silver who carried Ozene in her arms day after day, when mamma went out to be eyes for papa. Mamma said she could nev-

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er pay Silver enough. Mamma said Silver must have a good, warm house and a big piece of land for what she had done and she said it must be all fixed so no bad man could get it away from her. Mamma said that, the day she died. Silver knows mamma never lied. Now we see in bad man's heart. Bad man no want Silver to have house and land. Bad man want to make us angry with each other. We must be better friends now than before. I shall be Silver's friend whether she will or not. I will love her just as mamma loved her. That's the best way to kill bad man. It kills bad man's work."

"Ozene make Silver's heart feel good. Silver's heart go up to meet Ozene every day, every night, every hour, but Silver no go to Ozene's father's house—much."

Cressy had slipped away during the latter part of the conversation. Now she re-appeared tugging a large stone which she finally succeeded in landing at Ozene's feet.

"What a splendid specimen," said Ozene; "and silver, it looks like—yes, bands of solid silver! Where did you find that?"

Silver shook her head mysteriously. "Pokey say he find it when he go huntin'. Pokey no tell me where. Pokey tell me no'ting but take it to Walkinwater boat and bring him money. Silver work hard for red feather, spite of lying dog."

"Me div dis to Zeen—man, Zeen—man div

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Kessy sooger egg," said the child, opening her hand and showing a half melted sugar plum sticking to it.

"O too heavy Cressy. Tire Zeen bad to carry it through woods," said Ozene, blushing at the way she had associated her with Auber and loth to discourage the Indian trait of gratitude. "Cressy give Zeen something little."

"Cressy darted under the bed again and brought forth a beautiful piece of chloritic rock, stuck with garnet crystals, which was accepted with such expressions of delight, that the child continued to make excursions to the same locality until the floor all about Ozene's feet was literally covered with the rare stones in which the great lake region so richly abounded.

"Silver speak truth; but she need no tell if she had seen Pokey pick up stone," said Ozene. She remembered the Indian superstition about such revealings and she really did not care to know where it came from. The finding of a silver mine was far from her thoughts. A specimen almost as fine as that was found several years ago at the Beacon and nothing had come of it. Even if Pokey had found it at Petrel Peak, he would be quite welcome to it. Perhaps he had. The figure of Pokey Moon, straggling up the hill through the yellow sand as she had seen him that morning, came back to her with great distinctness.

CHAPTER XIII.

POKEY MOON AT HOME.

AFTER dark that night a very different scene from the one just described took place in the wigwam of Silver Moon. Her husband, Pokey Moon, was there beastly drunk. Silver set food before him only to have it thrown, dishes and all at her head. The fiery, half-clad creature and his foul cursings made the place seem like a devil's den. The sleeping child cried out in affright. The patient, silent mother bore the insolent affronts, the vile language and even personal violence, as long as she could, and retain the self-respect, which the native woman as well as the civilized must preserve or die. There was one difference, however, in the native woman's favor. The bestial, whiskey-fired man was no match for her cool nerve and splendid physical strength, whenever she chose to use it; there was no need to call in a policeman even if there had been one to call. After a brief struggle with him which would have called

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forth the acclamations of a crowd of scientific pugilists, poor Pokey lay on the floor of the wigwam, bound hand and foot.

Silver did not stop to boast of her victory over her husband, or taunt him with his vile behaviour as she might have been excused for doing. She threw a warm blanket over him and taking her scared child in her arms went out into the chilly night.

"Kessy do dit Zeen," gasped the child.

The words struck Silver's brave heart like a thorn. Many a white mother has felt a like pang when trying to shield her darling from the sight and sound of the beastly creature which it should be taught to love and respect; but there was a bitterer pain still, for this lone woman to bear and the child's words brought it to her in its naked force. It was the shame and disgrace of having associated herself with such a brute as Pokey. The degradation of the marriage tie, which every naturally virtuous woman must feel and blame herself for in a greater or less degree.

There was no effort in her simple mind, as she wandered on, to excuse herself for the commission of such a sin; but a self-immolating plan of sacrifice was struggling into shape, by which she might hope to appease the mighty Manitou's wrath and make it right with those she had wronged. The wrongs done to herself must be shut out of her heart. Her breath grew hard and

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fierce with the wild conflict that raged within her. It disturbed the child.

"Me faid o' mammy. Me do dit Zeen," wailed Cressy.

A wild thought shot through Silver's brain. Why not go and lay the poor shame-born child at Ozene's door and then go away out of life never to come back? Away through the great open door of the *Gitchee Gumme* to the land of spirits. Away from the child that wanted her no longer. Away from the despised husband which she never more could bear to look upon. Away from the land of the lying dog, that had spat his foul slime on her clean virtue?

She had no shoes on her feet but she minded not the thistles nor the stones. She had no cover for her head; but she minded not the icy dew that fell upon it. Ere she was aware of it she was at the margin of the lake. It lay like a mirror under the face of night. It reflected millions of heavenly eyes; for the night was full of stars. There was one that seemed nearer than all the rest. It was the great North Star. The central eye that was watching her. It would guide her if she would not shrink from it. It would show her what to do and where to go. It would cool her burning desires if she would not hide away from it. Such was her crude belief. She sank down on the yellow sand and fixed her eyes on it and stretched her arms

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toward it, in the attitude of invocation. There were no words, no sighs, no moans, no tears. Nothing but the willing heart and mind and soul into which the great overflowing spirit of "Manitou, the Mighty," might condescend to pour his blessed light. "Nothing, absolutely nothing" said a passing fisherman, "but a poor Indian woman sitting like a statue on the desolate beach," moving neither hand nor foot until the friendly moon went out and the red heart of day appeared in the eastern sky. Then the eye of the great spirit closed upon her; but the soul was there to move her on and on. There was something to be done before she could go out of life. Something that was terrible and hard. Yes, one, two, three things—she counted them on her already toil-worn fingers. When they were done, Manitou would open the way for her and she would go out through the "Big Sea water" to the far off island where Me-ji-ti-jic dwelt. Not to roam with him through happy hunting fields—her sin had been too great for that; but to receive her doom of expiatory service, from which she hoped not, nor desired to escape.

That Silver had received a crude impression of duty in her night's prostration or lustration on the silent shore of the lake, in spite of her overwhelming desire for heavenly light or knowledge, no one will doubt; but who will say that no "pale-face," mothers could be found, lying in agony

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this night not on the cold sands of lake or sea,
but on gilded couches, who will rise up on the
morrow and go about the only work that seems
possible in the circumscribed path which lies be-
fore them.

CHAPTER XIV.

GENERAL WHITLEY'S THEORY OF PUSH.

AUBER called at the Milner cottage the next evening after the affair with Cressey. He was sheepishly conscious of having no valid excuse for so doing. He had not been invited—but he had a weakness of heart—a sort of homesickness perhaps, which made him feel he should die if he did not go.

Ozene met him at the door and he made his excuses blushing and blunderingly; but was much relieved when he saw that she was blushing and blundering too—trying to make excuses for letting him take the front of danger in rescuing the child and for the—the—“spectacle she must have made.”

Of course, he *could* say and *did* say very heartily, that he “was happy to have helped her out;” but he dared not say what he could have said still more heartily, that she never could look more charming to him than she did when crawling along

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the tree trunk with little gloveless hands and shoeless feet; but he looked it, and she changed the subject at once by exclaiming:

"O I was just thinking I ought to have asked you to come, it must be so lonely for you, among strangers; and I ought to help you get acquainted with our friends—that is, tell you about their peculiarities. Not that I think you will blunder as Hanch did. I know you would not."

"Bless you for your faith," broke in Auber—"the—the feeling—the homesickness is all gone now."

"Then I can bring in my characters without fear of a relapse. We have quite a batch of extra peculiar ones, here and in the woods around about," said Ozene, smiling. "Sometimes, I think the climate grows them. Some are very original. Would have been leaders of thought, no doubt, if they'd had a chance at the schools, 'or half a chance' as the saying is."

"General Whitler for instance," said Auber—"a splendid old fellow—a genuine Yankee and an original and as brave as a lion; you know him of course."

"Yes, indeed. He is an original and a progressive one. It's not the same old story and joke with him. Always some new opinion to give or some new theory to expound. What is his latest? Please tell me all about it."

"The Theory of Push," said Auber, laughing,

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"but I warn you I can't give it to you in his inimitable style. I haven't mastered the Yankee idiom yet."

"O never mind. I can translate. I—I had rather have it in your language. O you don't know how I enjoyed your description of the storm."

"A few words of which made Dr. M'Queen so sick, he could think of nothing but going to the springs," said Auber.

"Please don't slander yourself and don't think I'm at all like Dr. M'Queen, and please tell me about the latest Theory of Push."

"To begin with," said Auber, "General Whitler assured me that he was '*A No. 1*' believer in the '*Divine Effercacy*' of Push. He had seen a good deal of it in his lifetime and he had done some of it himself. But to think that man alone amidst all the splendid and indestructible material with which he is surrounded—frail, tender skinned man—should be gifted with the 'monstrous' faculty of push. The trees and mountains are bound to the earth. Fruits and flowers are fastened to the stem. Beasts and bird and fish, move along instinctive lines, while men and women are gifted with liberty of limb, and intelligence of mind, to push forward and conquer the earth."

Auber stopped and took out a little sketch book and Ozene drew her chair quite near so she might look it over with him. He had wished she would

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come nearer and now she had come without other asking. He went on with added zest.

"According to Gen. Whitler's idea (otherwise expressed), it would bother the most intelligent unbeliever in the North American form of progress, to fix the staying line beyond which there would be no sort of push. It would not be safe to lay it anywhere this side of the *North Pole*."

Auber turned over the leaves of the sketch book saying, "If I mistake not, there was a little diversion just here, caused by his dog Yap."

"And you sketched it. How good! Mamma gave him that dog when it was a tiny little creature, and he thinks his eyes of it. They say he is very tender hearted with all the rest of his oddities."

"All the rest of his oddities?" quizzed Auber. "Do you think it an oddity for a man to be tender of heart?"

"No! No!" said Ozene, "I didn't mean that. I don't know just what I did mean; but I know I like to hear you tell about him. There's a heart in it somewhere."

"Yes, there was a touch of it here and there. I remember feeling it strongly, when he hugged Yap in his brawny arms and exclaimed with a great quaver in his voice and a sudden access of moisture in his really fine eyes—'only think of it my dear Mr. J. C.'—Now I *am* stuck Miss Milner—his grandest peroration will lose all its pathos, told in my language."

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"No! No! Mr. Auber. Go on, please do. I'd rather have your language. Then I hear you both," said Ozeie, impetuously.

"Here it is then," said Auber.

"Only think of it my dear Miss Milner, all the way up to the fiftieth parallel, over stony pathways, frowning mountains and pitiless floods, human creatures with frail ribs, quivering flesh and puny lungs have won their way; and yet they will not stop. A desperate struggle is still going on for the last inch of untrodden earth; and never until the ice-fields are inhabited and the people are free to rally round the North Pole and choose their president or queen, will they pause in their onward march. True there was a time when the natives of New York and Boston went up to the big lake, took a look and a sniff, and backed down in alarm. The climate was too cold, the soil too thin, the wolves and Indians too thick. It was not a place for civilized man to live in; but that did not settle the '*jinywine pushers*' any more than Dr. Kane's frigid accounts of Franklin's spent life dissuaded the 'Howgate Expedition' from trying to colonize the Artic Circle.

"As to the exponents of progress, or of *push*—the 'peculiar characters'—the hunters and the priests, who longed for a shot at '*them Buffaloes*,' or a chance to convert the poor Indians—they were always pushing on and on. Journeying through trackless wildernesses, or paddling over

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storm-swept lakes, they stumbled on things they were not in search of—islands of copper, stones and minerals rich and rare; but they were of light value in their eyes, compared to the capture of wild game, or the rescue of savage souls.

“Still they served to variegate the pages of the priests’ diary, and chinked in marvelously well between the pauses of the hunter’s long-spun yarn. Men of science came to see them. They were valuable products of which the world had need. Men of enterprise and money heard of them, and now the great North is no longer too cold to live in. The body can be clothed, the houses can be heated and money and treasure can be wrung out of it. A double track of iron has succeeded the Indians solitary trail. Iron horses have taken the place of Indian ponies. *Walk-in-the-water* boats have distanced the egg-shell canoes.

“And—it’s good, solid, Yankee push that’s set all this ‘a jogging,’ Miss Milner. I trust you understand the ‘*divine effercacy of push now.*’”

“Yes, yes, and the hope and misery back of it—and you see it too; but it seems to me that the Government ought not to allow its people to go into such terrible places without suitable protection. General Whitler is a man that has borne more hardships than a hundred men ought to bear. Just his efforts to get safe harbors would have sent almost any other man crazy. Did he tell you about it?”

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"Yes, he gave me a little touch of it. I fancy it was the '*comic picters*' he got out of it, that saved him. You know the 'Government is jest as tiz an' it can't be *no tizzer*.'" "

"You are learning fast," said Ozene, smiling through moist eyes. "You will not need my help. O how good it seems to have some one here who can see the true vein through the rough surface—the eccentric mazes!"

"But you won't give up trying to help me see? I'm not so vernal as to think I know it all, because I can see through large, clear type. If you do, I shall wish to be as blind as a bat and as capable of getting things all 'tousled up'—as—"

"Hanch," laughed Ozene. "O by the way, Mr. Auber, I want to tell you something about that man, now that papa is not here to be annoyed. There *is* a mystery about Hanch's prohibition of the Midsummer festival. They were accustomed to have their big bonfire and main sports on Petrel Peak. What possible objection he could have to their going there I can't see. There's nothing there but an old engine house and a lot of old stuff that ought to be burned up."

"Perhaps he has a giant buried there and is afraid its slumbers will be broken," laughed Auber. "The ignorant folk about St. Stevens Down used to think a big giant was buried in the tumultulus and they were careful not to disturb its bones."

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"I'm sure there is something strange at the Peak. Hanch used to go there very often himself tho' he seemed bent on keeping everybody else away (except Pokey Moon). The last time I was there, everything seemed so strange! Even the stones and rocks; and the old engine house was all boarded up and locked. We'll have a grand illumination this year and see what's the matter. But I hope you won't think I'm more concerned about the mystery than anything else. Above all I want our people to have a real good jolly old time."

"Even if Dr. M'Queen doesn't exactly approve," said Auber, smiling.

"Yes," said Ozene. "I believe in saving the good out of everything, even the good out of pagan customs. The world is not so full of good that we shall have a surfeit."

Auber glanced at her appreciatively and then said quizzically—"even if we have to save the people along with their customs—eh?"

Ozene nodded.

"It's a very sure way to save them," continued Auber. "People are really not so wedded to the bad as we are apt to think. We may give some pretty hard raps at the bad qualities if we will only uphold the good as strenuously."

"Then there are the funny things too," said Ozene—"it won't do to discard them."

CHAPTER XV.

"I had
No medicine sir to go invisible
No fern seed in my pocket."
Ben Jonson's New Inn.

OZENE SHOWS HIM A SNAKESTONE.

"**S**HALL we carry fern seed in our pockets?" laughed Auber.

"Nobody ever has, to my knowledge; but we might do it just for the oddity of it," replied Ozene.

"No, no," said Auber with mock seriousness, "that wouldn't do. We must comply with the requirements. We must sit up nights to catch the seed and we must believe it has the power to make us invisible."

"How strange," said Ozene, laughing, "that such absurd superstitions should ever get hold of anybody."

"It was then as now, Miss Ozene. Where knowledge stops, superstition sets in. Fern seed may serve to illustrate as well as weightier matter. If the people had only known that the fern was one of the '*peculiar characters*,' that carried its

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tiny seeds on its back as the squaw does her papoose, the theory of invisibility would have been nipped in the bud. But teachers were supposedly scarce in those days. More so than those who wished to take advantage of ignorant credulity. The great black dog whose appearance broke up the custom of wrestling on Midsummer Eve at St. Stevens was probably the device of some one who wished to break up harmless pastime."

"That would be the Hanch style," said Ozene, "only not half so bad; for he was going to use an Indian instead of a dog and have the poor drunken creature run through the fire."

"Pokey Moon, was it?" asked Auber. "There was something said about it at the table."

"Yes, the father of little Crescent, which you rescued. Wasn't it fiendish? And he would have done it too if old Ben Salurian hadn't got an inkling of it and held him back. But it made a row all the same and Hanch triumphed after all."

"What a rascally thing," Auber was saying, but Mr. Milner came in and he arose to go.

"Don't be in haste," said Ozene. "Please tell me what is the Cornish word for Midsummer?"

"*Gohuan*. It means 'light and rejoicing.'"

"Thanks, now I want to show you something." She took him to the library and handed him a small glass ring from the cabinet.

"This came to mind when Dr. M'Queen was holding up Ireland as the stronghold of pagan-

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ism. This paganish thing came from Cornwall without a doubt."

"I see," said Auber, "you think Cornwall has its full share of pagans—*Gleimau Nadroeth*—yes, the old name and all. A good round relic of superstition and no mistake; but I'm curious to know how it fell into such unpaganish hands?"

"An old Cornish woman gave it to mamma. It had been used by five generations of her family as a charm against ill luck; but it didn't work in her case. She lost her father, grandfather, husband and son, all by mining accidents."

"And then she lost faith and no wonder."

"O dear, Mr. Auber I think I should die, if we should ever have one of those horrible mine explosions." Whereupon Auber proceeded to explain the latest methods and inventions by which such accidents had been reduced to a minimum and the mine made as safe a place to work in as any other.

"Oh I'm so glad to hear you say so, but we needn't wonder need we, that the poor old miners, who took their lives in their hands every morning when they went down to their work, should try to stay their nerves with all the charms they could get?"

"It's one of the queerest superstitions, isn't it though? The idea of serpents meeting on Midsummer Eve, to make such a bauble."

"Perhaps it was to show that the old pagans

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were willing the snakes should have a little diversion as well as themselves—just as you are willing to have others diverted. Even pagans may be tender hearted.”

Ozene laughed and blushed at the mixture of joke and compliment.

“But seriously Miss Ozene, you are right. Hard-worked people are the better for good rousing amusements and all around sympathy.”

“O you see how it is Mr. Auber, I can’t bear to think that men who work day after day in such dark and dangerous places should be so poorly housed. It seems to me they ought to have the best of everything and the highest pay.”

“Then perhaps they’d soon get so they wouldn’t work at all and the world would suffer for their products,” said Auber.

“But ought it not to suffer a little, until it could be brought to show a better appreciation?”

“Perhaps,” said Auber, reflectively.

“O you don’t know how I feel for them,” said Ozene, encouraged to go on as she had never been before. “After working hard all day underground, they ought to have the brightest lightest, most cheerful homes in the world to come to. They surely ought to have as good as I do. Some of them have earned it over and over again. Don’t you think they *could* have, if things were rightly managed?”

“Hardly, unless the mine could be developed

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into a very large concern, and a system of profit sharing agreed upon," said Auber. He wanted to say that he loved her all the more for the tender human appeal.

"Still something can be done," he said.

"Thank you for saying so. O I knew you would see things that ought to be done. There is so much that needs to be improved!"

Auber was thrown off from the common business track; but he caught himself on the higher plane—he felt that he would not injure her faith for worlds.

"Improvement will have to be slow, no doubt. Progress doesn't go straight ahead in such matters. It has to go around and about. Better conditions require better education to enjoy them. Better schools and libraries require more time and opportunity to make them of any account."

"Yes, I know; but even good housing is something. A family can't be packed in a smoky old hole and be comfortable or even decently clean, to say nothing of education and progress," said Ozene. "O how I wish I could see every miner's hovel on the premises, razed to the ground and cozy cottages built in their places! Yes and a good bath-house at the mouth of the mine, where the men could put their working clothes on and off and go home clean and well clad, for the evening's rest and pleasure. O how lovely it would be! Dear mamma had a vision of it in her last

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days. I have never spoken of it to anybody but you; but we must understand each other's wishes and visions and all if we would work together for good."

Auber too had his vision or rather plan, for the improvement of the miner's lot—a plan he had never divulged, but could withhold no longer. It was the plan financial but there was no base metallic ring in it—no strife, no cornering—no pushing to the wall—no hate, no war, nor holding each other back from the common good; but a better arrangement between Labor and Capital, which would give every miner a fair chance in the race.

"O it's a grand plan," exclaimed Ozene; and Auber rose again to go; but love had him in her beneficent grasp. He had thoughts he had never had before and no lack now of words to wing them and no power to stay their loftiest flight. He saw that the barbarians of business should have a new baptism. Labor and Capital must help each other—they must join hearts and hands for needful work. The bad must be eliminated, the good retained. Then Labor would have a new meaning, Capital a divine destiny and the great wrinkled, hating, grudging world would overflow with milk and honey.

Auber had said his inmost say and was ready to go and yet he waited; but it was not his mother and sisters of whom he was thinking now and for

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whose approval he was waiting. He was thinking of the larger relationship and waiting for a sign.

Ozene looked at him with a new interpretation. The king of commerce stood before her but he was a right royal, loving king. She extended both hands. He took them in his strong clasp. It was the language of comradeship the world over but this was comradeship of the sweetest kind. He retained one hand and drew it through his arm as they went toward the hall.

"Yours was a beautiful wish," he said, tenderly, "and your mother's vision was a heavenly one. Let me prophesy they will come to pass speedily—mine will have to wait."

"Thanks! Thanks! We can't do everything at once; but we can do something at once, can we not? We can begin by making our festival educative instead of barbaric."

"Yes indeed," said Auber, coming back to the practical plane. "One can have a Midsummer Festival now-a-days without danger of paganism, Doctor M^rQueen to the contrary. Cornwall has always been a great place for Midsummer revels and I never knew of but one person who retained the old superstitions; and she was a half crazy dame of St. Ives. Poor creature! poor creature! How well I remember her!"

Then he paused. All the tender sentiment of youth was in his eyes and she was looking into them questionably.

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"But I have begun to go," he said. "I will tell you about *her* some other time."

"No, no, please tell me now," said Ozene.

Auber went on. "The snakestone was her hobby. Every morning after Midsummer Eve, she hunted up and down the beach for the *Gleimau Nadroeth*, by which she hoped to change her poor wrecked life into a rich and happy one. She never found it; but the reasons she gave were an embodiment of all the old superstitions set down in the books. Sometimes she said, the great blue and red winged dragons, had disturbed the meeting of the luck-giving serpents, and swept the bubble into the sea, just as they were going to make a hole in it, which transforms it into a ring. Another time she said the big giants had crushed it with their feet or a fiery drake had gobbled it up, or the foolish turning of the Midsummer men had destroyed it."

"Turning of the Midsummer men!" exclaimed Ozene, "what did she mean?"

"I'm surprised you don't see the significance of that at once," said Auber. "The poor creature had in mind one of the sweetest love divinations on record."

Ozene shook her head and bade him explain.

"You must promise not to try it though. It might make a regular little pagan of you and then Dr. M'Queen—"

"Never mind Dr. M'Queen," said Ozene, with



POKEY MOON TRYING TO ADAPT HIMSELF TO HIS ENVIRONMENT.

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charming impatience—"The 'Midsummer men' now if you please."

"Well then, the *Midsummer Men* are the *orpyne* plants. You must take a sprig of *orpyne* and put it in your room, and if it turns toward you and blossoms, you will be sure to marry the man you love. My sisters have tried that many a time."

"Just for fun," said Ozene, blushing a little under Auber's persistent gaze.

"Yes, just for fun," repeated Auber, dreamily, and then he made his adieus and walked back over the sandy road to the dingy hotel in the moonlight.

CHAPTER XVI.

"'Twas in truth a study
"To mark his spirit alternating between
"A decent and professional gravity,
"And an irreverent mirthfulness which often
"Laughed in the face of his divinity,
"Plucked off the sacred ephod, quite unshrined
"The oracle and for the pattern priest
"Left us the man."

Whittier.

DR. M'QUEEN GOES TO THE SPRINGS UNDER A DELU-
SION.

"I WAS just coming to tell you that papa has given up going at the last moment," said Ozene, as she met the Rev. Ichabod M'Queen outside the cottage gate.

"I am sorry, exceedingly so but I wish to speak to you alone, Miss Milner—on a matter which has assumed considerable importance."

"I'll go with you to the landing," said Ozene, with an ominous thud at her heart. "I must see Celeste and we can talk on the way. I'm glad you are to have such good company," she added, inwardly thankful to have fallen on a theme fertile enough to take up a few moments time. "The trip through the lakes is long and slow but you will have a chance to make the acquaintance of one of the world's brightest and best. It's

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strange you haven't made it already; but her position here is anomalous and strangers do not readily understand it. At her aunt's you will see her in her rightful place. She really ought to make her home there and visit here, instead of living here and visiting there; but poor Celeste! she has an affection for the soil on which she was born like many another loving human creature, I suppose."

"Ah, indeed," replied the Rev. Ichabod, "my vocation is so absorbing, I do not have time to investigate and learn the peculiar characteristics and circumstances of my people as generally and as minutely as I would like to do; but I try not to neglect the nearer duties or their proper forms. I hope you have not considered me remiss in not speaking to you ere this, about the matter of our engagement; but I had no idea until yesterday that it was an accepted fact, among my parishioners."

"How sir!" exclaimed Ozene, with a keen emphasis, that startled the Rev. Ichabod out of one or more pleasant little prefatory sentences, which he had in mind.

"You must be aware I was making calls all day yesterday on my flock, preparatory to leaving them," said the Rev. Ichabod; "but you will probably be as surprised as I was when I tell you that everywhere I went I was congratulated on my approaching marriage with Miss Milner. I could not deny it, as my intentions hold good;

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but it troubled me exceedingly that all the proper formalities had not been definitely arranged and settled."

"I beg of you not to trouble yourself in the least, Dr. M'Queen!" exclaimed Ozene, with flaming cheeks. "I will deny it peremptorily to one and all; and they will believe me you may rest assured."

"It is eminently proper I should assume whatever trouble there may be, my dear Miss Milner," said the Rev Ichabod, in a hurt tone. "I do not wonder you are annoyed; but a formal engagement will obviate the difficulty. I am greatly to blame for not attending to the matter before; but I will atone and send you the engagement ring as soon as it can be procured."

"No! No! Dr. M'Queen, you must not. It cannot be. I have never thought of such a thing," and spying Celeste in the distance, she ran to meet her, little thinking she was leaving the Rev. Ichabod to translate her words to suit the bent of his personal will.

"Celeste," said Ozene, as soon as they were well out of hearing, "I wish you and your aunt would introduce Dr. M'Queen into *elite* society and help him to a suitable wife. You know the note he wrote me? I believe he feels bound to me on that account. It's perfectly absurd. If he could only find his heart once, there would be an end of such delusion."

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"But you want him disillusioned, wife or no wife," said Celeste, laughing merrily. "Well, I'll try; but I'm not so sure that would end it. Sometimes a man's will survives everything; but there comes the boat. It's a good thing to have a clerical escort anyway. If he were a man of the world, I should feel obliged to run shy of his company and services. As it is he can assist in carrying my fan and umbrella and I can repay the weighty service by mending his socks and sewing on his buttons, as you suggested. Or better still, I might take up Mr. Auber's idea and give him a few lessons in self-help."

In less than a week after the above conversation Celeste had too good an opportunity to let pass, for giving the Rev. Ichabod his first lessons in mending. She sat in Aunt Mayne's sweet summer house with that lady's aesthetic darning bag on her arm when the Rev. gentleman strolled in with a large bundle of magazines and newspapers. Celeste thrust her hand into the scarlet bag and drew out a delicate peach-colored sock with the initials I. J. M'Q.

"Do you mark your own socks, Dr. M'Queen?" asked Celeste.

"No Miss, my housekeeper performs that important function."

"What if you should have a housekeeper that couldn't write?"

"Then some fairy of the flock would do it un-

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doubtedly," he replied with a mixed look as though he hardly knew whether to be dignified or amused.

"So far as I am acquainted with the fairy tribe, they are not extra condescending," remarked Celeste. "Besides it needs rather a steady headed human creature to wash, iron, mend and mark other people's clothes."

"Then perhaps I ought to be prospecting for such treasure, lest my housekeeper should 'peter out,' as miners say. Can you tell me if she would do better for money or for love?"

"Money, I should say for steady mending. Love is reputed to be fickle. The patches might be embroidered one week and neglected entirely the next; and that would never do for a clergyman who has every-week duties to perform," said Celeste, with a mischievous look in her bright gray eyes.

The Rev. Ichabod laughed outright. He stretched out his long arms and tossed them over his head as though he really was going to unbend and enjoy himself. The papers slid down his straightened legs and fell at Celeste's feet.

"I accept this as a sign," said Celeste, picking up a magazine and handing him his sock and the darning implements. "I'll read while you do the mending."

"Ah," said the Rev. Ichabod, extending a hand as white and supple as her own. "I fear I shall

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be obliged to interrupt your readings for a few general directions. Where does this go?" He held up a rose-tinted darning form, in the shape of a goose egg. "I suppose this is to keep the craft from blowing away. Starboard, larboard or midship, Miss Captain? Were it only a sermon I should know just where to put in the ballast."

"Really, the Rev. Ichabod is getting out of his shell," thought Celeste; "and much more agreeable for it." She might have reflected that she was drawing him out of said shell, but she was not quite sure of that until later on. She adjusted the goose egg, put in a few sample stitches and resumed her reading, only to be interrupted every other line by a plaintive appeal for "help" from the Rev. Ichabod, who, to tell the truth, was enjoying the little darning diversion more than any he had ever tasted since his childhood.

"You see I'm a most remorseless pupil, Miss Celeste; but you have yourself to blame. I should never have dreamed of asking you to instruct me in this essential art, had you not made it so clearly apparent that I might be placed in destitute 'circumstances;' but now that you have begun I shall never give you over until I have acquired a perfect mastery of the business. Such is my bent."

CHAPTER XVII.

"The power of love
In earth, and seas, and air, and heaven above,
Rules unresisted, with an awful nod,
By daily miracles declared a god.
He blinds the wise, gives eyesight to the blind
And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind."
Dryden.

DR. M'QUEEN AND MISS GARRY RETURN ON THE SAME BOAT.

AND so the arbor instructions were continued and made a very interesting picture for Aunt and Uncle Mayne to look upon one fine morning as they sat in the large bow window of their private sitting room.

"That has been going on every morning since the first week after they came," said Aunt Mayne, smiling in her husband's face with a sort of conjugal smile that bore a strong resemblance to the one with which Celeste was just treating the Rev. Ichabod; "and yet Celeste laughs it off and says she is 'the bearer of a request from Keweenawton, that we introduce him into *elite* society, in order that he may find a suitable wife.' If they are not a pair of lovers and beautifully matched too, then I'm no judge."

"It's a serious case and no mistake," said Uncle

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Mayne, catching a fair view of the Rev. Ichabod's face as he took the darning-needle out of Celeste's hand.

"You see he can't get the needle without touching her fingers and she *has* got pretty finger tips. I suppose they seem like so many electric points to the Rev. Chap. I declare it makes me feel young again just to watch him."

"Do you know they have handed that needle back and forward about a hundred times this morning," said Aunt Mayne. "See! now she is helping him thread it."

"And he insists on holding it—and his hand gets shaky and she takes hold of it to steady it—ah! ha! That's almost as good as kissing isn't it Abigail? It's enough anyhow. I shall speak to the clerical lover at once," said Uncle Mayne. "He will not deny it you may be sure. A woman will deny till the marriage noose is all ready to be strapped on; but men are more practical."

After dinner the next day Mr. Mayne had a chance of testing the "practicality" of the Rev. Ichabod M'Queen in the way indicated; but to his utter amazement and wrath the Reverend gentlemen stared, protested and finally informed him that he was "virtually engaged to a young lady in Keweenawton and he had presumed that Miss Garry was aware of it, as it was well understood throughout his entire parish."

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An hour afterward the Rev. Ichabod had made his adieus to Mr. and Mrs. Mayne, and bought tickets for Keweenawton. He had suddenly waked up to the fact that he had received no letters from that region since he left. The fact was he had written none, that had necessitated a reply. The one he wrote to Ozene was rather in the line of a stay of proceedings in the matter of the engagement, than in that of a love letter. He was too punctilious a lover to demand correspondence before certain formalities had been complied with. He had determined to abide his time like a Christian gentleman and a worthy lover; but the last hour had wrought a woeful change!

"It seems as though everybody is playing at cross purposes," thought the Rev. Ichabod.

Meanwhile Celeste was braving a high old storm, from Uncle and Aunt Mayne.

"To think of it!" exclaimed Uncle Mayne, "that a relative of ours and a clergyman's daughter, should dare to flirt with a clergyman in—in—"

"*Under* your own vine and fig tree," suggested Celeste.

"And I'm afraid you don't repent either," said Aunt Mayne. "I'm afraid your independent way of living in a rough mining town has spoiled you."

"I don't repent the least bit, dear Aunt; and more than that, I'm going to start for dear old shaggy Keweenawton, this very evening. I shall

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go on the same boat with the Rev. Ichabod M'Queen."

"Celeste! What madness!"

"Aunt, dear aunt; trust me! I'm sure of myself. I'm sure too, of the impractical, conventional, deluded Dr. M'Queen. I have promised to disillusion him, and the Lord helping me, I'm going to do it. You will understand all in good time;" and deluging her with kisses mixed with unrepentant tears she hurried away.

To properly describe the feelings of a man who has been brought up on a strict regimen of conventionalities, is a difficult task. There is a heart inside the conventional wall, without doubt; but the elaborate wall requires so much attention to keep it in thorough repair, that the caged and overshadowed heart is apt to be cruelly neglected—receiving scant sunshine and nourishment. Sometimes it dies of hunger, loneliness or dry-rot. Sometimes a bold invader breaks in and drags the poor pining thing out of its self-imposed prison and nourishes it into robust life.

The Rev. Ichabod was aware that Celeste Garry had invaded his conventional wall; but he would not admit that she had touched his heart. Perhaps he was too busy repairing exterior damages, to be fully conscious of it. Too busy making plans for perfect re-establishment in her case as well as his own; for he was as keenly alive to the fact that she loved him and was making a de-

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terminated reach for his heart, as tho' he had been a sensitive woman, instead of a man with an autocratic will.

"Poor child," he said to himself as he leaned over the rail of the boat, "as soon as I am safely married I can assume a pastor's privilege and reconcile her to a useful life. I—" but proposition second was suddenly upset by a shock of surprise and alarm; for there was the "poor child," herself stepping on board, looking rich, maidenly, happy and almost defiant.

The Rev. Ichabod retreated to his stateroom as though pursued by Pharaohic hosts; and when he was locked safely therein, he proceeded to formulate a set of rules for the protection of his conventional wall, during the long and perilous journey to Keweenawton.

All the way through the grand old lakes sailed the Rev. Ichabod; pursued by Celeste! Not that she followed him from prow to stern, or personally obtruded on his solitude; but there is no pursuit so close as imaginary pursuit, and no race so desperate as the silent, swift-winged race of soul after soul. He fortified himself strongly against her during the long watches of the night, and then deliberately sat himself down opposite her at the dining-table, three times a day! Result—his appetite grew lighter and lighter and ere the journey was ended he begun to look quite ill.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Celeste, as she turned the

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corner of the stair case the evening of their arrival. "Is that you Dr. M'Queen? You look fearfully pale in the dusk. You startled me—though I noticed you were losing color every day. Why will you allow yourself to get so ill?"

"Allow myself," cried the Rev. Ichabod, turning red with such anger as he had never felt in his life. "Why in heaven's name did you allow yourself to follow me thus? Your impropriety outbalances my sin. I know my duty and will do it; but to be tempted every step of the way is more than mortal flesh can endure. It is impertinent, unmaidenly, unkind!"

"I'm so glad to see you indulge in a little natural, healthful anger," said Celeste, saucily. "It's far better than too must dignity, and infinitely more becoming. You are your own handsome self now thank the Lord. If you could only be as natural with dear Ozene, as you are with me, you might possibly win her; but—"

"Miss Garry I forbid you to speak to me so. I must not hear it. I *will* not;" and so saying the Rev. Ichabod rushed to his stateroom and stayed there until drawn forth by an unusual commotion and the cry of "fire" many times repeated.

The boat was not on fire; but it was Midsummer Eve and the great Blessing Fire on Petrel Peak flared and glowed, filling the gray heavens with flaming light and sending forth burning rays into the bosom of the beautiful lake.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Then doth the joyful feast, of John the Baptist, take
his turne,
"When bonfires great with lofty flame, in everie towne
doe burne;
"And yong men round about with maides, doe daunce in
everie streete
"With garlands wrought of motherwort, or else with
vervain sweete,
"And many other flowers faire, with violets in their
hands,
"Whereas they all do fondly thinke, that whosoever
stands,
"And thro' the flowers beholds the flames, his eyes shall
feel *no pain*." *Naogeorgus.*

AUBER IS TOLD THAT DR. M'QUEEN IS TO MARRY
OZENE AND IS INSANELY JEALOUS.

"I HAVE come as I engaged to do, Miss Milner," said Auber, looking around furtively, as tho' expecting to see an unwelcome presence; "but if any one has arrived who claims a prior right, you need not feel obliged to accept my escort."

Ozene was startled at Auber's changed looks and tone. He had been so helpful and delightful all the way through.

When she was trying to get up something new for the children he told her about the "*Feast of the Lares*," as he had seen it in Durham when a

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lad. He teased her a little to begin with about its pagan origin. It was from the *Ludi Compitalii* of the Romans and was celebrated at their cross roads long before Rome was built.

"Never mind about the paganism, we can Christianize it," she had said; "only tell me how they did it in Durham when you were a little lad. I suppose they are semi-Christianized even there."

"Yes, they ought to be," Auber had replied. "They have a grand Cathedral with a tower 250 feet high but its walls must have been laid by pagans for it was begun in 1093, when pagans were plenty. I think children must be natural born pagans for the sights at Durham struck my fancy more than anything I had ever seen."

Then came a charming picture of the gray old city, which made such a rich back-ground for brightly-dressed, merry-faced children. As he had recalled it, every house had its doorway, gateway, step-stone and porch set with cushions and seats, covered and wreathed with flowers in honor of the household gods. The children's pets and playthings were made much of. Dolls reposed on beds of lilies. Dogs had chains of roses around their necks. In one place a cunning Skye terrier sat on a pillow of sweet ferns and buttercups and smoked a pipe. In another, a pair of white kittens were buffeting a crimson ball, suspended over a bed of crimson peonies.

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Only the evening before he had been so good and sympathetic. She had heard something about Hanch and his evil plans, and something about Pokey Moon that had made her anxious and she was alarmed about Silver—she had acted so wild and strange of late—and he had cheered her and scattered her fears to the winds; but now he stood before her cold and sullen, with cap in hand waiting to be excused from accompanying her to the celebration.

No wonder she was astonished—then vexed—and finally thought perhaps somebody had come from over the sea, who had a “prior claim,” on *him*; but she only said:

“Never mind about the engagement, unless you think it proper to keep it. I can go the rounds with Bess and her brother.”

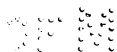
“Indeed you will not,” said Auber. “I had counted on enjoying *this* evening with you. So much indeed that I was quick to believe some luckier fellow had taken precedence. Forgive me and take my arm. There’s quite a crowd outside and it *does* look beautiful. The miners’ hovels look like fairy grottoes and your house a palace of the queen of fairies.”

Auber had not exaggerated. Words can hardly do justice to the well planned illumination. A pair of great forest elms, which stretched their graceful arms over the street in front of the spacious grounds were girded and outlined with



A. CARRER COOLIDGE

PADDLING UP A SUPERIOR WATERFALL.



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myriads of small lights. Over the fountain that sent its silver spray high in air, was a pale blue canopy thickly studded with stars. Urns of sweet June roses deepened into richer hues under crimson lanterns. A great flock of white lilies shone as fair as day beneath an illuminated heaven, especially prepared for them.

They roved about the familiar grounds arm in arm—the two young people—hardly recognizing the place or their own work under the new baptism of light.

They paused under a shivering old aspen tree which was having a lively shadow dance in a shy corner of the lawn.

"I couldn't understand why you wanted so many lights above this tree," said Ozene; "but I see now. How could you think of it?"

"Easily enough after seeing the electric lights in the parks of London and New York. They look like full moons hovering over the trees. The shadows of the leaves are so distinctly outlined on the walks and grounds beneath that you could almost take a lesson in botany. You see I've been trying to imitate old Jablachof or Wizard Edison."

"You have succeeded wonderfully," said Ozene. "You have almost made a wizard of this old aspen—a beautiful shadow dance he's having here all by himself."

"But there's such a lack of whiteness and in-

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tensity in the oil lights. It takes so many to do a little work. Only three of the monster Jablachof lights, hung up in the bell-tower of the Kremlin at the coronation of the Czar, made the palace grounds as light as day."

"But that would be too much Mr. Auber. This is just enough. That was giant Jablachof staring in state. This is a lesser giant frisking with the fairies, or ogres. I like the effects of light so much better than light itself. Simple fireworks are tiresome."

"That's the science of illumination in a nutshell Miss Milner. Artificial light used simply as an accessory, might be made much better use of than it is now. It might be used to heighten good effects and suppress bad ones as effectually as the artist's pencil. That reminds me. I met a man on the boat to New York, who threatens to outdo Edison in the matter of light for economic purposes. His proposition is to store up sunlight enough during the day to last during the night. All we would have to do, would be to cover our walls with a sort of phosphorescent compound such as has already been used to make clock dials self-luminous."

"It might be objected to on aesthetic grounds I suspect," said Ozene.

"Yes, possibly; but he claimed that the substance could be made so as to emit light of various colors. It seems like witchcraft now almost,

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doesn't it? But I wouldn't wonder if it would all be done and more too in time. I never realized until now what a powerful agent light is."

"Then you have not worked so hard in vain Mr. Auber. You will not be sorry—but where are we now? How strange! How weird! I don't know the place at all!"

"You must sit here and study it out," said Auber, leading her to a seat that commanded a good view of the place.

"Don't leave me. It seems as though I were at the threshold of Hades!"

Auber had no thought of leaving her but the appeal was delightful. He sat down close beside her and begged her to tell him what she saw. He grasped the hand she had extended to him in the impulse of alarm. He had fancied some such scene, when he was planning the work— but the feeling that raged in his heart now, no fancy could have pictured. It was like toiling and toiling with hand and brain for a cup of sweet wine and having a lump of poison dropt in it, on the way to his lips; but he would not give it up. He would drink and die.

CHAPTER XIX.

HE TAKES HER TO THE BLESSING FIRE AND THEY
PLAY THE ROLE OF BROTHER AND SISTER.

“**T**ELL me Miss Milner, is an hour too long to wait here? The procession will pass at that time on its way to The Peak.”

“No! No! Mr. Auber I could wait forever, with you to—explain things. But how suddenly we drifted into it—this dim, lurid land!”

“Bless you and please tell me what you see, dear Miss Milner,” entreated Auber.

“O! wondrous red and black winged dragons! Great horny heads and flaming nostrils and wild eyes that look as tho’ lighted at Lucifer’s fires. Then there are whole flocks of imps or genii with little black wizened faces in great flaring yellow caps. Then there are dens and caves and all sorts of weird places.”

It was in reality a rough street, with a fence of tree roots, a row of deserted tumble-down miners’ hovels and bunches of weeds, thistles, sun-flowers and stunted shrubs.

Auber had taxed his invention to the uttermost

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to transform it into its present appearance—and Ozene appreciated it!

The black imps with great flaring caps were sunflowers. How Ozene laughed when he told her and coaxed her to go and put her hand on one of them. Then he laughed too, yes and shouted and led her all around from dragon to giant from giant to dwarf and imp and fairy and cave and den and showed her how he had gotten them all up and how happy he had been in doing it because it was for her sake. Yes, he was quite beside himself and she was no longer the practical, self-sustaining Miss Milner who had held her own with the Rev. Ichabod M'Queen, the first night of their meeting; but a child, pressing forward eagerly, or hiding behind his shoulder—crying out in delight or wonder.

The procession was close at hand before they knew it. It had one entirely new feature. A grand triumphal car for mothers with young children. It was wreathed with flowers and hung with lamps. The white horses had scarlet trappings. The mothers wore scarlet capes and white turbans. The babies were wrapped in soft white blankets.

"Ah, Miss Ozene, this is your work. It is beautiful, exquisite, tender! You see I lack words now. No wonder Mr. Dagget would have no noisy instruments. How softly and silently they move! The children are sleeping, sleeping and the moth-

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ers look like a collection of pictured Madonnas! How did you think of it all?"

"I never should have thought of it if you hadn't told me about the old Marching Watch and the cruel edict against crying children. Then it occurred to me that the cruelty of to-day, was in expecting mothers to stay at home, forever at home, to take care of the children. You see if they can only ride as they ought, there is no danger of crying children or overtired mothers. But, truly, did you have no idea of it, Mr. Auber?"

"Not the slightest, Miss Ozene."

"We are even then, Mr. Auber. We have both had our Midsummer dream and have given each other a happy surprise."

"Not even, though, Miss Ozene. Yours is a sweet, sweet dream, full of peace and hope. Mine is a bitter, crooked, feverish, Midsummer madness."

"O I thought you would be happy to-night. I wanted you to be happy," said Ozene, sadly. "Nobody deserves it more than you."

The procession moved on. There was a ludicrous effigy of Hanch, with an incombustible copper head, which received numerous raps from blazing torches. There was a rollicking band of boys on stilts. Another under gray blankets representing elephants. A big white elephant carried an eastern queen, followed by curiously con-

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structed dragons, fiery drakes, gnomes, brownies and fairies too numerous to mention.

The mining demons (explosive gases), were represented by a cart-load of malicious dwarfs with red, green and pale blue faces and long, leathery ears flopping over their shoulders.

"But for one circumstance, this would be the happiest night of my life," said Auber, starting up from a long silence. "I hope you will never quite forget it."

"You may exchange hope for belief positive," replied Ozene. "Whatever your grief may be, you have my sincerest sympathy. Let us be friends at least, life-long, helpful friends."

"Here's my troth for that," said Auber, tightening his hold of her hand; and thus they wandered on after the procession, each loving the other with a whole heart and each thinking the other bound to an absent one, by an irrevocable tie. But there is no delusion sweeter while it lasts, than that which reaches above heart passion and lays hold on brotherly or sisterly love.

Before they were aware of it they were on the summit of the hill. They sat down side by side in an arbor cushioned with flowers and screened with tender vines. Auber had prepared it for her while he was dreaming happy dreams. The great Blessing Fire flamed and roared, rising higher and higher, filling the air with balsamic fragrance. Stalwart men leaped and wrestled in

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the glowing light. Youths and maidens danced and sang and frolicked.

At the hour of twelve, all the bells from the ville below began to toll. "The light descends," cried a chorus of voices! Wheels wound with rags and straw were set ablaze and rolled down into the dusky valley. Then the crowd grew wildly hilarious. Hundreds of torches were lighted at the huge Blessing Fire. The old engine house was soon in flames. The effigy of Hanch was put into a rickety car which stood on the disused tramway, and when the whole was thoroughly ignited, it was sent down the steep grade.

"I am enough of a pagan to think that the evil passions of our people are rolling away with that burning load," said Ozene; "and it is such a relief. I have been so afraid of an outbreak—so anxious about it. You must forgive me for doing nothing for you personally—you have done so much for me; but I have thought of you through it all. It would have been so dreadful to have had any trouble here to-night and I'm sure Hanch had set some mischief a going. His agent, Pokey Moon, isn't in evidence you perceive. Poor Silver will take care of him after this, if I mistake not."

CHAPTER XX.

HE IS DISILLUSIONED AND DR. M'QUEEN ALSO.

EVERY eye was watching the curious burning mass. That is, every eye except those of the Reverend Ichabod M'Queen. Celeste Garry was watching it with curious intensity. She stood on the bank of the small stream that threaded the valley. She had been roving about alone; but now she was in the vicinity of a presence. It was that of the Reverend Ichabod. He was sitting on the tramway bridge muffled in his long, black cloak. His face was turned away from the hill and covered with his long, white hands. A fierce flame—a cursing rather than a “blessing fire” was ravaging his heart. He was trying to quench it. To him alone of all the crowd, the night was long and hateful and full of dreaded fire. He tried to shut it out. He longed for the gray morning—for its gentle dew, its refreshing sweetness. For the soothing presence of Ozene Milner. For grave words of duty and wifely devotion such as he fancied she must

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say. For calm, wifely love which would quell fever and mad passion and leave him free to think and work.

Celeste saw him and smiled; but the next moment she cried out in mortal terror. "The car! The burning car! Ichabod! Dr. M'Queen!" and rushing to the bridge she dragged him off just in time to save him from the fiery load which swept past like a red whirlwind!

"O Mr. Auber," cried Ozene, "tell me what you saw in the light of the car down by the bridge! I thought I saw two familiar faces, cheek against cheek! Look at me, dear brother. See if I am going mad; for the faces seemed like those of friends who are miles and miles away!"

"I saw Dr. M'Queen and Miss Garry," replied Auber savagely; "and I will avenge you this very hour. It is no vision, you may be sure, sweet sister. I saw Dr. M'Queen getting off from the boat as I was coming for you. Miss Garry was there too, I think, though I hardly noticed her, the sight of that old traitor's face was such a blow. The church warden was with me; and he it was, who told me that the reverend gentleman was hurrying home to marry Miss Milner. Forgive me for not telling you; but I will avenge you! The miserable, deceitful, clerical villian!"

For the next five minutes Ozene did nothing but laugh. She could not help it. Peal after peal rang out over the little valley.

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"Perhaps she's going mad after all," thought Auber.

"Hush, dear sister. It will not do to laugh over a hurt heart."

"Hurt heart!" cried Ozene, with another peal, more silvery than the notes of a June bird. "O it is so comical. So absurd! and I'm so glad! Glad to know the poor, deluded Dr. M'Queen has found his heart at last. Glad for everybody! Glad for Celeste! She's just the one for him; but it's been such a famous delusion all the way through! He deluded himself to begin with. Then his parish fell in. Then you fell in—you foolish, foolish fellow! But he never deluded me, nor Celeste, it seems. Dear Celeste! If she only knew how happy I am this moment. Happy to think it was a reality that I saw, instead of a vision."

And then Ozene laughed again, so long and merrily that Auber caught hold of both her arms and shook her impatiently and asked "if they might not indulge in a little happiness on their own account?"

Then began the sweet confessions of love—so old and yet so new. Then came the dates and beginnings.

"Mine began with this," said Auber, taking a tattered letter from his breast pocket. It was the letter Ozene wrote him on his acceptance of the superintendency of the Beacon.

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Ozene snatched it from him, and then occurred one of those love frays so delightful to both parties. Auber captured the hand and made it yield up the letter, but he would not yield up the hand until after the performance of certain rites, old enough to be truly paganish—so old indeed, that their origin has been traced far back of the worshippers of Baal, to a solitary pair who found it so hard to accept any other than the sweet creed of love and worship for each other. Truly the rites of love are among those deep set paganisms which the world has never outgrown.

Wandering on through the valley by the light of the fading fires, the new-fledged lovers descried the figures of Celeste and the Rev. Ichabod.

"*Goluan* Celeste! *Goluan* Dr. M'Queen!" cried Ozene.

"Repentance as well as light and rejoicing," replied the Rev. Ichabod in a choking voice.

"Dear Celeste has just saved me from a dreadful death—from the burning car! Life is plainer to me now. She will forgive me and you will forgive me too, Miss Milner?"

"Entirely, Dr. M'Queen and so will Jared. He has just had an extra illumination—the light descends! *Goluan! Goluan!*"

The next day was a grand feast and gala day for the children. Tables laden with dainties were spread in green arbors. Wreaths and cushions of

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flowers were in every available nook. The church and parsonage doors were wide open. The Rev. Ichabod and Celeste roved about arm in arm, with a light on their handsome faces, sufficient to dispel any delusion there might have been with regard to the M'Queen-Milner engagement.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

OZENE and Auber did not make their appearance until late in the day. They went up to Petrel Peak prospecting and saw a sad and wonderful sight. Silver Moon stood rigid as death in the smouldering ashes of the old engine house. She was arrayed in her grandest attire—heron plumes, fringed and embroidered garments, bracelets and rings of native metals and curious designs—heirlooms of the families of Indian chieftains through many generations, fantastically mixed with the finery bought with her own hard labor. In one hand she held a glistening bowie-knife. With the other she pointed to an excavation on the outer edge of the ruins.

“O Silver! Silver! what is the matter?” cried Ozene.

Silver would not speak but continued to point with imperious gestures to the excavation. They went and looked in. Cressy was there playing with a heap of shining stones.

“Kissy div dis to Zeen—dis ittle one.”

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She had not forgotten Ozene's preference for small stones. Her next sentence showed not only her native sense of proportion but that she had not forgotten the sugar plums.

"Kessy dit big stone for Zeen—big-sooger-plum—man," she said, starting off.

They followed and soon found themselves in a large underground storehouse of (yes there was no doubt of it), rich silver ore! A tallow candle was burning on one of the largest specimens. Pressing forward to examine it they stumbled against something. It was covered with an Indian blanket. Auber lifted it up and disclosed the blackened figure of Pokey Moon.

"Pappy dunk," said Cressy! but he was not drunk. He was stone dead.

"O I'm so sorry," cried Ozene, hastening back to Silver, fearful she might do herself some deadly injury.

"Listen and cry not," said Silver. "Pokey is dead. The Great Spirit killed Pokey. Pokey lie in the Great Spirit's gift house. If Silver had killed Pokey, Pokey would lie in Silver's Wigwam. If Great Spirit had *not* killed Pokey, Pokey would be dead all the same."

"You don't mean you would have killed your husband?" gasped Ozene.

"Silver mean it."

"O how dreadful! Come home with us, Silver, come!"

Reciprocity

Silver shook her head.

"Do come Silver, Pokey is safe there."

"Silver is not safe. Silver must die. Ozene take Cressy home and wipe off her shame."

"No! No!" cried Ozene, greatly alarmed. "Silver must not die. She must come with Cressy to Ozene's house."

"Listen Ozene. If Silver had killed Pokey Silver would take her own life. Now Silver mean to kill Pokey—Silver must die all the same."

"No! No!" Manitou killed Pokey. Silver must wait for Manitou," cried Ozene in great distress. Auber was still in the cavern. The glistening knife was raised with deadly intent. Ozene saw there was no time to be lost. She rushed through the burning ashes. She threw her arms around her neck and kissed her and clung to her as she had done when she was a scared and crying child. There was no withstanding the loving appeal. Tears poured out of the fiery eyes like rain. The savage knife fell from the brawny hand.

"Silver comes," she said softly, as Auber issued from the cave with Cressy in arms; and shaking the hot ashes from her scalded feet she followed them home.

A few days thereafter, Mr. Milner received a proposal from Hanch & Co., for the purchase of Beacon Mine, to which Ozene, looking over Auber's shoulder and playing with the rings of his golden hair, dictated the following reply:

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Messrs. Hanch & Co.:

Your proposal came too late. The Blessing Fire at Petrel Peak, June 21st accompanied with the burning of the old engine house and the death of your agent, Pokey Moon, revealed a rich vein of silver ore,

Truly,

MILNER, AUBER & CO.

"But—Jared—"

"What is it love?"

"I feel sorry for him. I don't know why, but it comes to me now, that I heard he had a dreadfully helpless, extravagant family down below, that drained him of every cent. What can a man do when his nearest are goading him on?"

Jared kissed the dear hand. He knew how it was with her. Love was at flood tide and seeking to enrich the world.

"I understand," he said. "It is a full day with us dearie—full to the brim and overflowing. Shall we add a postscript which will make that rascal a little less wretched than he deserves to be?"

"Yes! Yes! We have enough and to spare—more than we ought to keep for ourselves, have we not? 'The earth and the fulness thereof'—Who does it belong to if not to the Lord's dear children—one and all? Let's send him our love and wish him success and prove we mean it by giving him those specimens he dug and delved

Reciprocity

for. It must have been a cruel want that drove him to so hard a task—and a little loving kindness might prevent him from committing suicide and save him in the end.”

It was done—the forgiving, pitying, loving, wedding-day deed, which like many another, will go trembling on and on—touching as with an electric wand, the cold, forbidding, hating, warring, blood-soiled centuries until they are transformed and glowing with the all-suffusing millennial light.

CHAPTER XXII.

GENERAL WHITLER AND HIS DAUGHTER TEASER.

On the "Fourth of July" when the Milner-Auber honey-moon was only a week old General Whitler made his appearance at the cottage with his dog Yap and a quaintly dressed young girl, whom he introduced as "my little Teaser." She had a bead collar around her neck and a little porcupine quill basket tied to her fringed belt, filled with winter-green berries.

"I reckon I'd bring her along," said Whitler, see'n she'd never ben here and I couldn't set sail 'thout her. She's as good's her name most any time o' day, my little Teaser is."

"I'm glad she did make you bring her," said Ozene. "I don't see why you have not done so before and why you have staid away so long yourself. I expected you'd come to my wedding and bring your wife."

"O, my wife's chuck full of Injun work. She has Be-bam-is-ee tu look arter and all his relations purty much. She never goes out tripping now days."

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Ozene took off Teaser's things, smoothed her tousled hair and called Cressy to take her in the garden and pick her a nosegay.

General Whitler's eyes grew moist in spite of his stolidity, to see his little Teaser treated so lovingly. Everybody didn't like Teaser and Teaser didn't like fashionable folks as a rule and he always felt a little nervous about introducing her to strangers.

"But here's Yap," he said, "I knew you'd like tu see Yap—your mother's present to me the larst time I saw her. A first-rate woman your mother was an you've grown tu look s'much like her."

There were tears in Ozene's eyes now and Yap was licking her hand; but Auber came in and the drift was changed. Yap was especially demonstrative and the grasp of Whitler's hand was simply tremendous.

"Didn't I tell yu," laughed Whitler, that ther was suthin' in yeur eye that pinto tu the matrimony market? but I didn't provercy the d'rection, durn me if I did, ner gues yewd be run in on such a keen canter; but I'm deuced glad howsumever. I never seen this place look so nigh like heaven as it does this minit."

Ozene and Auber sat down by his side arm in arm and related the stirring incidents that had led up to the present blissful state.

"But Hanch, my wife's newew! I cum over

Reciprocity

mostly tu 'polergize fer commending him so keernessly; but I never tho't my wife cud hev sech an ornary relation."

"O we know you didn't? You are so good and honest," said Ozene and Auber in chorus.

"And I'm goin' tu make him 'polergize if I hev tu go all the way tu New York on a canal-boat."

"O! no!" exclaimed Ozene, "we have forgiven him, forgiven him everything, haven't we, love?"

"Yes, yes!" said Auber. "She forgave him the day we were married; and she tugged away at my sympathies until she made me think it was right. She told me a pathetic story about an unloving wife and daughters who didn't want anything from him but money—money."

"I reckon that's 'bout the size on't," said Whitler, "but I take it that no man orter du mean things in order't 'rig his women folks up like a set o' peacocks. 'T'wuden't be my wife t'wud try tu rake me in on sech a score; but Teaser, little Teaser it makes me almost hev the St. Vitus dance sometimes tu think what she cud coax me intu if she once sot owt, tho' she's never seemed tu want tu du nothin' wrong tu date. She writ a letter to Washington, my little Teaser did, and I didn't blame her nun tu speak on. Her ma says that I put it intu her head, but all't I've got tu say about it is, it didn't take long tu git it put in, ef I did. I didn't hev tu poke thru any great amount o' putty."

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"How I wish I could see her letter," said Ozene. "Did you keep a copy?"

Yes, kinder, and I shouldn't wonder if I had it right here in my inside lining."

"O, do please let me read it," said Ozene.

After much fumbling he drew out a carefully folded paper. It read as follows:

"Dear Government:—

Pa can vote and ma can't and I think it's meaner'n pusley. Big Injun Sun Dog goes and gets drunk and comes and flattens his nose on our windows and ma can't have nothing to say 'bout shutting up the groggery where he gets his fire-water. I want you to fix things so ma can hitch up with pa and make a big pull at the Grog-door and get it shut up tight and locked. Ma was born in Canada and she wants the freedom to sail over there and buy things without being treated as a thief.

Then I want you to turn that lonesome old Fort of yours into a real nice place, with lots of comfortable seats so that the poor little Injun children can come in and not have to sit around on holler logs and play pin all the time. And I want you to take away your horrid old cannon. Pa says it will make a 'hull lot of fish-hooks. I hate cannons and guns and fire-works and fire-water. They kill and hurt and scare folks, and we haven't any folks up here that we want killed

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or hurted or scared. I love 'em all except them that hire out to let cannons off and kill folks, and I'm awful fond of education and can spell almost everything that needs to be spelt. My name is Teresa Whitler but pa calls me Teaser and I've got a dog named Yap."

"Oh! the dear blessed child!" exclaimed Ozene, "she will revolutionize that wretched old war-inviting port, if the world isn't too hard for her. She makes me think of Celeste. You know Celeste Garry? She has just married our clergyman. Dr. M'Queen——converted him and married him! Dear precious, bright soul! She is in a position now to do immense good, after years of uncongenial work. You must go and see her. She must know your little daughter. She has aroused Dr. M'Queen's energies to their full height and I know they have planned to do a beautiful work here. They will have a sort of mission house, where everything needful is taught and love and peace rule. With one at your place, what a splendid work might be done all along the line——will be done I say, with that blessed child's help. I have a vision of what it will be. Don't laugh at me dear love——don't laugh at me dear friend!" she added, extending a hand to each.

Auber did not laugh but he behaved rather extravagantly, as young husbands are apt to do, while General Whitler fished his bandana out of his coat-tail pocket and gave vent to a mild

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oath about the confounded cold he "got plostered" on to him "coming up."

Teaser came in with a big bunch of flowers in each hand. Cressy was following her like a faithful dog.

"My soul alive, Teaser! I'm 'fraid yu've picked all of aunty's posies," exclaimed Whitley.

"No, pa; I didn't pick one. Cressy gave them to me."

"But what made yu let her pick so many, Teaser?"

"O pa! It made her so happy? She was going to cry if I didn't take them."

"Teasy div Kessy berries in bof han's," said Cressy.

"You see this grateful little Indian maid will never be outdone," laughed Auber. Berries for both hands and so both hands of the giver must be decorated. Bravo, Cressy! It's better than a legion of honor."

"It's worth all the flowers in the town!" said Ozene. "Behold it is a sign! Come here Teasy."

Teasy came and stood by her side in quiet dignity. Ozene put her arm around her and said:

"I'm so glad you let Cressy pick the flowers because you saw it made *her* happy. I hope you will grow up to be good friends, and will always be doing something to make each other happy. I wish you would write to me once a month and send her a

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kiss or a message. The letter will make me happy and the kiss or words to Cressy will make her happy. You can write beautiful letters, I know you can. Your papa has been telling us about your writing to the Government. I hope you will go on writing just such letters to those who might do good and make things pleasanter than they are, if they only thought about it or had some dear, thoughtful little girl to write to them and set them to thinking. You will write to me, won't you dear child, if you see anything I can do to help you or anybody else to be happy?"

"Yes, I will," said Teasy, firmly. "I wrote to the captain of the Walkinwater not to give our boys any more fire-crackers 'cause he gave them some last year and they killed a boy and his mother went crazy; and he didn't. When we came up this morning we had music, sweet, sweet music on board! Oh! what a nice celebration it was; wasn't it pa?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

GENERAL WHITLEY AND THE SOLDIER BOY.

OZENE's blind father did not make his appearance at the dinner table. She explained that he was having one of his "poor days." Holidays were always rather poor days with him. He could not see what was going on and the noise and confusion distressed him. He was inclined to think they were the inventions of the devil to keep men from steady work and breed mischief; and there had been too many of them of late.

The Midsummer Eve festivities and the two weddings had played havoc with his nerves in spite of the good fortune attending them and now "The Fourth of July" had come!

"I have promised papa not to go out to-day" said Ozene, "but you and Teasy must go and call on the M'Queens. I want you to see what a wonderful change there has been in Dr. M'Queen of the Isle of Sky. Already he seems like a new man."

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"It wouldn't hurt him none tu be bornd over agin, I reckon," remarked Whitler. "He seemed more like a walking statute the larst time I sighted him than a fleshy, human critter, and he didn't walk right sharp ither."

"He was inert, simply inert. He never was a selfish man—hardly selfish enough to claim even love for himself. It had to be poured upon him, so to speak; and though his love for Celeste is as true as steel it will never be of the selfish kind that spends itself on kin-folks alone. It's the unfortunate, the badly born, the sick, the sorrowing, the lame and blind, the crooked and perverse that he will be looking after now," said Ozene, in the enthused way that pays little heed to exact definitions.

"If he's that way, perhaps he'd rather not speak to us," said Teasy, reflectively. "We are not very bad off. Pa's got the longest sight of any man on Lake Superior and he says I'm as straight as an arrow."

"O, yes he will," laughed Ozene, while the men turned away to hide their amusement. I didn't mean to say that he is becoming so deeply interested in the very poor and sick that he will not speak to those who are in comfortable health and circumstances, but Celeste is the one for you to talk with, Teasy; she will tell you all about their mission plans, and you needn't be afraid to ask her all the questions you wish to."

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When Teasy and her father arrived at the parsonage grounds they saw a very unexpected sight.

"Zounds!" exclaimed General Whitler, "it looks as though the hull shebang hed ben fresh bornd or baptized or shook up or suthin'. The larst time I sighted it, it was all shut up and the dust was an inch thick on the winder shetters and door knobs. Guess they're going tu hev a kind of a free party that everybody can cum tu without kids or invites."

"Yes, pa," said Teasy. "See the tables and seats and cushions; O my! they look as though they'd come out of the Sunday school rooms and the pulpit! They must be going to have supper out here—an easy sit-down supper!"

"Yew've hit it square on the head, Teaser. Church doors and parsonage wide open and gates too! I declare I never heard of a church opening on Independence Day! They'r ginrally shut up tighter'n clams. Reckon they'r gitting ready now. Preparatory remarks in the church, I guess and preparatory cake and ice cream in the church-kitchen. Reckon we won't disturb 'em. Sence it all seems tu be so free, we'll jest go perusin' around independent like and take observations. Yu jest mark it all down on yew'r memry Teaser. Mebby yew'll want'er git up suthin' like it some pleasant day. I kinder like the style on't. They don't seem tu think a soft quishind pulpit chair's

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tew sacred fer a tired old man or wooman tu drop intu if one should happen tu come hobbleing along."

"No, indeed, pa! See! there's one now over yonder! Let's go and speak to her. Perhaps she can tell us all about it. It must have been got up all of a sudden or Auntie Ozene would have known it."

The old lady proved to be stone deaf but a happy smile was playing with the wrinkles of her gray old face and her attitude was of one who was resting all over after a tiresome journey—resting as she had never rested before, in a luxurious pulpit chair, with her white head leaning against the crimson-cushioned back!

A little farther on, by a shady clump of evergreens, they came upon two figures sitting side by side. One was that of a woman apparently past middle age. She looked pale, thin and anxious. The man wore the uniform of a United States soldier, with the exception of the cap. Instead of it, he wore a broad-brimmed straw hat from the back and under side of the brim of which depended a large wilted cabbage leaf. His left hand clutched a stained and tattered American flag. His complexion was a sickly yellow. He stared wildly at Whitler and Teasy as they came up, and mumbled through slabbering lips:

"O Ma! O Pa! they sent me south to kill my brother and I killed him! Killed him just so," he

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added, making a motion with the flag as though it had been a sword.

Teasy started on in affright. The woman looked pained.

"You see mom," said Whitler, apologetically, my little girl's afraid of soldiers and I hain't never discouraged her none. She has a healthy horror of a man that's ever killed anybody. More perticklarly of one that's ben eddykated to the business and is anxiously waiting fer an opportunity tu wade in and slaughter a hull regiment, like the soldiers over at the Fort."

"But my poor son was not brought up to kill anybody, not even his enemy," said the woman, reddening with anger and distress.

"Beg pardon, dear woman. "He's yewr unly son, mebbey?"

"Yes, our only son and our only child! The tenderest hearted and the brightest boy that ever lived! We worked and scraped, and saved every cent in order to send him to college. It was slow work and he was past 20 when we got enough together. Then we sent him to a big college that promised to make a first-class lawyer of him. He hadn't been there quite a year before the Civil war broke out. There was great excitement among the students, of course, and the Professors didn't do anything but help it along as far as we could learn. It seemed as though they encouraged all but the rich men's sons to enlist. At

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any rate our son was advised to enlist and did enlist without letting his father and mother know anything about it. So you see he wasn't brought up to the business, our son was not. His father was a Peace man and didn't believe in war at any price."

The poor mother hid her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. Teasy came back and sat down by her side.

"Forgive me, I was so scared," said Teasy. "But why didn't you write to his teachers and tell them he was your only son and you couldn't spare him?"

"We did write, but they said he was no longer our baby, to do as we chose with. That he was of age and belonged to his country and that she needed him and we ought to be proud that he had responded so nobly to his country's call."

"Were you proud?" asked Teasy.

"No, dear child, it broke his poor father's heart. He died the next year and when our boy asked to come home to the burial his commanding officer swore at him and said 'Let the dead bury the dead.'"

"O, how cruel!" exclaimed Teasy, reaching up and putting her arms around the poor mother's neck. "Didn't they let him come home at all, not even to say good bye?"

"Yes, he came soon after he enlisted, but it was almost worse than as though he had not come

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at all; for the whole town was after him and the company that enlisted from these parts. They were treated to drinks and cigars and immoral shows and late suppers and lots of things they ought not to have had. They were encouraged to fight and gamble, and excused for doing every sort of mean thing. Even rape was glossed over if committed by a soldier. The whole town turned out and gave them a grand supper and send off with speeches and songs and a brass band; but when my poor boy came home, sick, sad and ruined, there wasn't a soul to meet him but his mother, and nobody else cares whether he is dead or alive to this day."

"I do," cried Teasy. "I want him to live and get well—that is if he never will want to kill anybody any more."

"Oh, I know he never *did* want to kill anybody and never will—Never! never!" exclaimed the mother. "He abhors it from the very depths of his soul. I got the whole story out of him little by little. You see the regiment to which he belonged routed a rebel regiment and pursued it—each one his opponent, just as he was commanded to do. He overtook his enemy in a piece of woods and shot him down because he thought he must; but when he saw him dying and begging for a cup of cold water, he was horror stricken and ran all around trying to find some for him—all over the fields with the hot southern sun beating upon

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WHERE POKEY MOON WENT A-FISHING.

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his head until it struck him down. When he came to his senses, he was in a hospital. After that they put a label on him and sent him home to his mother, without a cent in his pocket and this blood-stained old battle-flag in his hand. O dear! you don't know how dreadful it seemed to me! As though Uncle Sam had turned into a scheming fiend and was mocking me in my misery!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

GENERAL WHITLER'S ADVICE TO THE SOLDIER BOY'S MOTHER.

“**O**H Ma! Oh Pa!” said the soldier, breaking the sad silence that followed his mother’s explanation, “they sent me down South to kill my brother and I killed him.”

He made the same motion with the flag that he had made before and the same look of horror came into his eyes. He raised his hands to his ears, flag inclusive as though trying to shut out a dreadful sound. Then he got up and staggered over to a vacant bench and crouched there alone like a hunted beast.

“Poor fellow!” said Teasy, “he didn’t want to do it and now he’s sorry, dreadfully sorry.”

“Yes, child, he’s sorry. He’s scared. He thinks of it night and day. He’s always clutching that terrible flag and repeating those terrible words. It’s more than a year now and it’s always the same. It seems to me I can’t bear it any longer. O! what shall I do? What can I do?” asked the distressed mother turning to General Whitler.

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"Don't know mom," replied Whitler; "but did yu ever try hiding that flag away from him?"

"O no! I haven't the heart to do that. It would kill him; I know it would. He is so strongly attached to it. He hugs it and kisses it as though it were his only friend."

"Hum-m, it appears it hain't never cured him," replied Whitler, "though he's stuck tu it cluser'n a tick. Waal now 'cording tu my bleef, it's a good scheme tu change medicine when yewv took one kind a year or tew and it hain't done yu any good, I b'leev I'd take away that dirty, bloody old rag, that carn't help remind him of his onfortunit butchery and burn it up and give him suthin' else tu hold—a rag baby or a rake or a hoe, or suthin' of that passerfying kind, durn me if I wouldn't."

The mother looked amazed, almost frightened. The idea was so new to her.

"Pa's judgment is first rate," said Teasy, encouragingly. Ma says his judgment is away ahead of his grammar. Ma used to be a teacher and she must know."

"And arter I'd got the old rag away from him I'd go and git a pension for him," continued Whitler. "Sometimes it brings a feller tu his senses tu hev a few coppers of his own tu jingle in his pockets, and as I reckon it he's airn't more'n a few."

"How can I get a pension? He hasn't got a

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wound or scratch on his whole body!" exclaimed the mother.

"But the sun struck him while he was doing the Government's business and wounded his brains, and a wound in the brains is the wust kind of wound anybody can hev, in my humble opinion," replied Whitler.

"But I don't know how to do anything of the kind. I should fail if I tried; I know I should. I haven't got a friend in the world that could help me."

"But mebbey yu might hev if yew'd ask fer one. Yu can't git hardly anything without asking fer it, in these dum hurrying times, and yu hev tu ask right sharp tu. I reckon I could give yu a lift on the pension biz. I've hed more'n one tussel with them Washington fellers; and here's my little Teaser. She can write a letter that's a posey. She'll write tu Washington fer yu if yu want her tu. She knows the rowt—the pen and ink rowt, durn me if she don't. But yu don't live right around here I reckon and we don't happen tu know yewr name," added General Whitler.

"Juliana Marshall's my name and we live down at Scramblebush. I came up on the boat to see if the lake breeze wouldn't be good for him and it looked so inviting here, we sat down to rest."

"I see, I see," said General Whitler, "yewv al-lus ben trying tu do *him* good—to eddykate *him*

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and make *him* happy. Allus ben pamp'ring and cossetting *him* and it hain't worked hes it? So now if I were in yewr gaiters I'd revarse the hull biznis. I'd see if I couldn't make him git up and split the kindling wood and build the fire to cook his grub with. Then arter I'd gin him a good square breakfast I'd kind o' inveigle him intu the garden and see if I couldn't make him airn his own garden-sass. I can't swear 'twould work but I'd divart my mind by trying the experiment, howsomever, durn me if I wouldn't. My notion is that if ther's anything that'll bring back a son's wand'ring senses, it's bein' encouraged tu du his mother's chores and sech. Thet's all I've got tu say on thet head."

"O pa, the church must be out. The vestibule is full of folks," exclaimed Teasy.

"That's so, Teaser. Guess Dr. M'Queen from the Isle of Sky has finished his sarmon. We'll mogger along and pay ovr respects."

"O! I suppose we shall have to be going, my poor son and I," said the widow Marshall. "They'll think we are not fit to be seen."

"No, no, yu jest stay right here," said Whitler. "They say Dr. M'Queen has ben converted recently. If he hes I kin tell as soon's I clap my eye on him; and if it's true I'm going tu bring him and his wife and introduce yu. Yewv ben without friends long 'nuf I should jedge, when ther's so many yu orter hev in welcome. The

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fact is Miss M.—most everybody has a heart, but a lot of 'em git sort o' wrecked and laid up for repairs, in places wher they'r ruther unhandy tu git hold on."

"O thank you! thank you with all my heart," sobbed Mrs. Marshall.

"O Ma! O Pa! they sent me down South to kill my brother and I killed him," blubbered the soldier.

The people were coming slowly out of the church, shaking hands with the pastor and his wife, and talking and laughing right merrily.

"Oh pa!" exclaimed Teasy, "what a beautiful time they are having! See! they haven't got on any bonnets or gloves and they look so happy and comfortable."

"I snum, thet's so, Teaser, and I guess 'tis suthin' of an improvement. Don't know but a church, without a lot of perspiring, squirming folks in it or an organ rumbling through it, is 'bout as much of an improvement as a Fourth of July is without fire crackers and cannons, eh Teaser?"

"Yes, pa; and there's Dr. M'Queen! He's got on his white linen church gown but it don't look a bit churchy."

This was a fact that needed explanation. Dr. M'Queen was a very tall man. The former pastor had been a very short one besides being averse to wearing long and cumbersome gar-

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ments. As a result the church gown as worn by Dr. M'Queen not only did not "look a bit churchy" as Teasy expressed it, but it bore a remarkable resemblance to the garment of a chief waiter in a fashionable hotel. As it turned out, however, nothing could have been more suitable for the work in which he was soon heartily engaged—that of serving the people with a substantial dinner.

In describing the scene to Ozene and Auber that evening, General Whitler remarked in his dry way:

"It was prezactly like what I should hev imagin'd a regular church Love Feast tu be if I hadn't never seen one."

"But Dr. M'Queen was almost as much frightened as I was, when the poor soldier boy said 'O Ma! O Pa! they sent me down South to kill my brother and I killed him,'" said Teaser.

"But he was all right side up agin as soon as I hed a chance tu explain," said Whitler, "and he berhaved fust class to the poor creeturs. He's convarted sure."

"Yes he did behave lovely, but Auntie Celeste! She behaved like an angel. She got right around both of them and made them eat and laugh; and she's going to visit them and take me along; and I love her, I love her, I love her!" exclaimed Teasy.

"Peers tu me I never saw any man that matrimony lifted up quite so high as Dr. M'Queen of

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the Isle of Sky," said Whitler. "He's living in the sky now, sure pop—so high up he couldn't stoop tu think about his clothes. He actually forgot to take off his surplice when he came out of the church."

Auber laughed. "We know how that is dearie. Let's see, what was it I forgot to do the day we were married?"

Ozene blushed, Teasy looked puzzled, Auber raised his chin and gave a pantomimic illustration that made General Whitler laugh uproariously.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE UNION OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND LOVINGLY DISCUSSED.

“**E**NGLAND and America ought to be united,” said Auber—“yes wedded just as we are in the bonds of love and peace—bonds that make us free! Oh! these restrictive lines! They are selfish, ridiculous, unnatural!”

“Who would be king in case of such an event?” laughed Ozene.

“Nobody, dearie—or everybody rather—those who do their work the best and are the kindest and most loving to others.”

Auber was in a honeymoon mood, although it was long past that period.

“And you would be one of the kings, love, I know you would,” said Ozene.

“And you would be one of the queens—the very one and we should elect each other unanimously,” laughed Auber. “Well, that would be better than to be self-elected—far better than

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hanging onto a fifty-million dollar crown by force or precedent."

"You are right about the crown-craze but who is going to do the proposing?" asked Ozene.

"Oh! let's see," puzzled Auber—"according to precedent, America would have to do the proposing. Young Democracy, as the new poets are beginning to describe him, would be just the fellow for that kind of enterprise. Eh? Strong, hardy, self confident, extra intelligent, big hearted, half civilized, with fire in his eye and a considerable amount of hair on his breast. He would represent the masculine side splendidly and energetically while England the enormously civilized, the fullfed, the carefully groomed, the bediamonded and be-crowned—the—well you know the rest—the England that wants to be supported while she reaches out her jeweled hand for the lands of the Occident and the treasures of the Orient. She would have to wait until asked would she not?"

"Undoubtedly," laughed Ozene, "but after they were married and Mr. Democracy should try to cut down the bill for diamonds and millinery, or do away with expensive shows, gotten up by the idle rich to glorify themselves at the expense of the industrious poor, and finally attempt to establish a genuine Republic in which each member must be self-supporting, what think you Mistress England would do then?"

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"There you have me again little wife!" exclaimed Auber, wheeling his chair to her side as a practical illustration of the important fact. "I don't know what naughty, haughty Mistress England would do exactly (she might ask for a divorce); but I know what she ought to do. She ought to join with America in building up a true Democracy. A democracy without a single sham in it—like your disfranchisement sham for instance. Eh?"

"O! you are right, dear love! England ought to be a Republic—a genuine Republic; but fancy the Britisher giving up his idols! He worships the crown. He is fond of pomp and imperial display. He is proud of the aristocracy and the huge standing army. He bows down to landowners and to the Established Church—the mass of the English people I mean. You are one of the exceptions. You are more thoroughly republican than any American I ever knew."

"Yes; yes! but I married one and have been taking in tremendous doses," laughed Auber; "but that's the way to do it. America must rule England by the force of love and right and help her willing spouse to get out of the clutches of the kings and lords—just as you rule and help me, dearie."

"In the moonshine," laughed Ozene, pelting him with a bunch of violets.

Auber inhaled their fragrance, as though it were new to him and continued more seriously:

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"How the hard working, hard fighting Briton whose wife and children are living in hunger and rags can glory in a crown, when its value or what it calls for would keep thousands of them in comfort and happiness, is hard to see. It can't last forever, if Progress is to be the watchword of the world. No, dearie, the time is coming when England will be a republic to the very core and join hearts and hands with all the English-speaking peoples at least, to throw off the royal incubus that is wasting their life and treasure. Only think of it! It's not the broad Atlantic that divides England and America. It's only this beautiful chain of lakes and rivers! It's exasperating to be so near and yet so far. How easy it would be to clasp hands and be happy—eh! dearie—just as you and I are doing now."

"But it must be for true love and peace—not a forced alliance nor one of those scheming political alliances that mean war and conquest to those outside of our own domains. England and America ought not to wed until they are sure that they love each other truly and all other nations as themselves."

"There you are again little wifey—striking conviction home, not with a dagger, but with a kiss. If England and America would only settle their difficulties in our way and the whole world could witness the loving spectacle all would be unity and peace! Divine Peace! The Union-Jack

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and the Stars and Stripes would be lovingly entwined and the bugaboo of '*annexation*' would no longer make the people afraid!"

There was a clattering of little feet in the hall and a chorus of little voices.

"O! it's the little darlings!" exclaimed Ozene. "I wonder what mischief they are up to now."

A merry whoop and whoa was the only answer. Then there was a little jingling of bells and the door flew open and disclosed grandpapa Milner gayly tricked out in little Carl's new dog harness. Little Zeeny was in front leading him, because "Gampy-horse is blind," she exclaimed. Carl was in the rear holding the lines and flourishing his gold-tasselled whip with his sturdy little hands.

"Get up there! Wh-o-ah! Wh-o-ah! horsey's blind but we dot 'im in here all wite, mamma!" shouted Carl.

"Notty horsey kicked up, but I made 'im kick down aden, papa," said Zeeny.

"O! you little witch!" said Auber.

"And he snorted his nose at me, but I wussen't a bit frightened. I made him turn right fru the door," said Carl.

"O Father! What made you let them do so?" asked Ozene, laughing at the comical performance.

"Because they wanted to, I suppose," replied Grandfather Milner. "It makes them happy to play with Grandpa and it don't hurt Grandpa

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any, as I know of." Then he added with a sigh, "It calls back the times I used to have with my own little son."

The truth was, the children were a pair of God-sends to her blind father, and she knew it and her husband knew it too; so they looked at each other in happy silence and laughed at the pranks of the trio until Grandpa Milner was tired out and went to his room and the little curly heads were nestling sleepily in their arms.

"Ah! what a delicious bit of femininity! I bought a mine for her to-day."

"A mine!" exclaimed Ozene.

"Yes, a whole mine. You remember we bought one for your little boy when he was four years old and I vowed that my little girl should have one when she was the same age. You know we are going to treat them just alike."

"What a dear old papa! What do you think little daughter will do with a big mine?"

"Run it if she wants to, as bad as the first girl I saw when I came to this country, did—" laughed Auber. "She runs *me* now and she isn't but four years old. What will she do when she is eighteen if she can't have a mine to manage?"

"What will she do, if she *has* one is the question love."

"Ah! yes, she may be a mining queen and go to England and queen it over old Uncle Brute's grandchildren."

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"And marry an English lord, how would you like that?"

"Confound it," said Auber flaring up, "I wouldn't like it at all. I'd never give my consent." He grated his teeth savagely.

"There! there!" laughed Ozene. "Don't fly into a passion about it so long beforehand. I don't believe she will ever marry a lord but if she should marry one and he should come here and go prowling round her mine, and try to get money enough out of it to keep a huge hunting park and race courses and things of that kind in England—why all we would have to do would be to take hold of him and convert him and make a decent man of him."

"That's right, dearie, I forgot there was such a thing as conversion. We won't disinherit Zee-nie if she should marry a beggardly lord. We'll go at him with hammer and tongs and convert him."

Then they both laughed heartily over their foolish imaginations and Cressy Moon and her mother Silver Moon came in soft-shod. They wore bright moccasins on their feet and they came to carry the little ones to bed.

"Come here Cressy I have got a message for you from Teasy Whitler."

"Cressy's eyes sparkled with delight and she came to Ozene's side quickly. She was fifteen years old now—slight, graceful and straight as

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an arrow. She would never have the grand figure of her mother Silver Moon. Ten years of comfortable living had improved Silver wonderfully. The marks of hard toil had been smoothed away and new life and light had entered her savage soul.

Teasy wrote to say that she was going to have a grand feast at her Industrial School on the coming Fourth and that Cressy and her mother as well as everybody else must come.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MINE! THE MINE! SHUT IT UP!

AFTER the children had gone to bed there was an energetic pull at the door bell, to which Auber responded and found Ben Salurian, the underground boss, standing outside.

"Come in, come in!" said Auber in his hearty way. "My wife has been wanting to see you and inquire all about your wife and little ones." He hustled him in and seated him in the easiest chair. After Ozene's questions were all answered there was silence.

"Anything new in the way of business?" asked Auber. "It has just occurred to me that you seldom come unless you have something important to say in that line."

"I have something to say," said Ben in his measured way, while he cast a furtive glance at Ozene.

"Out with it man," said Auber, "we're all one here."

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"It's the Zeenie mine—the new mine you bought this morning."

"Have the men we hired given out?" inquired Auber, quickly.

"No, they'll be on hand promptly you may be sure. They are crazy to work in your properties—but I'm afraid the mine isn't safe and I couldn't sleep with a clear conscience until I told you what I heard this afternoon."

"But the question of safety was thoroughly discussed and settled before I bought it. The agent said that the men got panicky after the awful disaster at the Nansacket. So many of them had relatives there and were called on to help exhume them. A thing of that kind is terribly trying to a man's nerve."

"Terribly trying, Jared! O you know how I've always felt about mining accidents. There ought never to be an accident and never would be if due precautions were taken. We have never had one in all these years and we ought never to take a risk! Ben, good Ben, tell us everything you have heard!" exclaimed Ozene.

Ben did as he was bidden. He had heard on good authority that the mine had been considered unlucky property for several years past. That there had been several ominous cave-ins and much trouble from surplus waters and quicksands. That no serious accident had occurred and nothing had been said about it outside of

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the company. That as soon as it had become apparent that a large amount of money would have to be expended to put it into safe working order, they had decided to wash their hands of it by putting it up for sale.

"O dear! dear! weren't they mean not to tell you all about it? Something dreadful might have happened," cried Ozene.

She was looking into her husband's eyes appealingly. He understood all that her words and looks implied. He recalled an evening of the long ago, when she had said to him in sweet confidence that she knew that she "could never live if they should have one of those terrible mining accidents;" and now another life was to be guarded as well as her own. He felt that it would be brutish not to say something that would be immediately reassuring. He did not believe that the mine was really dangerous; but he would not indulge in tantalizing argument. He replied in his quick, sympathizing voice:

"Yes, dearie, it *was* mean in them not to tell me if there really is anything wrong; but I can find out quickly enough. I never have been cheated on a mine yet and I don't believe I ever shall be. Thank you Ben with all my heart—all our hearts, I should say. I will begin tomorrow and sift the matter thoroughly."

Ben Salurian went home with a clear conscience.

"What a trusty fellow Ben is," said Ozene, who

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was still a little pale at the thought of an accident.

"And what kind of a fellow am I?" laughed Auber, catching her up and kissing her until the healthful color came back.

"Hyper-trusty Jared. One that has never disappointed me. One that I love greatly and trust entirely."

At midnight Auber awoke suddenly with the words "The mine! The mine!" ringing in his ears. He started up from his pillow. He did not know where he was for a moment, but he soon came to himself. The full moon was flooding the room with light and he could see that Ozene was sleeping soundly. He got up quietly and went to the window. He feared some of the mining works were on fire; but the sky was white and serene. He listened intently but no sound except Ozene's gentle breathing broke the sweet silence. He was no dreamer but he concluded that he had been dreaming for once and that the words which had sounded so real were only the freak of a fancy that had been over-stimulated by the evening's conversation. He laughed at himself and went back to bed as softly as possible, lest he might disturb the sleeper; but he had hardly laid his head on the pillow when the voice came again and more of it.

"The mine! The mine! Shut it up! Go quickly!"

It did not sound like Ozene's voice but he bent

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over her and whispered her name. She did not answer. He looked at her intently but she did not move. She was sleeping as deeply and placidly as a child. Yes, and the voice sounded like a child's voice—small, distinct and musical as a silver bell! For the moment he gave himself up to the fancy that it was a child's voice. The voice of the precious child that they had been expecting day by day with such loving anxiety. It was a strange fancy for a level-headed business man like Jared Carl Auber to have; but it possessed him like a delirium. He revelled in it—so entirely at first that he paid no heed to the message; but the so-called saner moments came at last and he began to wonder what it could mean. He repeated the words to himself slowly and carefully, "The mine! The mine! Shut it up! Go quickly." Surely there was nothing ambiguous about it and the verdict was soon in.

If it meant anything it meant that the mine was unsafe and that he was not to inspect it while the men were at work in it at the peril of their lives. That he was to take as Ozone had said, no shadow of a risk. There was no more sleep for him until he had thought it over and over again and made up his mind exactly as to what he would do. Then he laid down and slept soundly until day-break. Ozone was still sleeping beautifully. He dressed himself and went softly out.

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When he arrived at Ben Salurian's door he found it standing partly open. Someone was moving about the house. He listened. It was rather early to make a morning call.

"Papa," said a pleading voice, "why can't I have a dog-cart and harness like Carl Auber's?"

Why indeed, thought Auber. It's the blessed children that say the right things after all.

Ben Salurian was about twice Auber's age. He had worked in the Beacon all his life and faithfully. He had denied himself every luxury even the luxury of a family for many years. After he had saved enough to ensure himself against poverty he married, and now he had a little boy of his own who was old enough to wonder at the inequality of things and ask why he could not have a dog-cart and harness like Carl Auber's.

Auber waited a moment for a reply to the boy's question, but he heard nothing save the clattering of domestic utensils; so he rang the bell and Ben Salurian came hastily to the door. He had a stick of wood in his hand and was only half dressed.

"O, beg pardon," he said, "my wife was up with the baby nearly all night so I am trying to get my own breakfast, but what's the matter? Have you heard anything more?"

"This is the matter Ben. I want you to go over to that pesky mine and shut it up. Don't let a solitary man go down into it. I've heard enough.

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I'll tell you about it farther on; there's no time for explanation now."

"What excuse shall I give the men? They may make it too lively for me. They are perfectly crazy to go to work. I met a gang as I was coming home last night and they were having a regular jigamaree over it—hurrahing for you as though you were a king."

"God forgive them Ben. You must say whatever you think best, whatever the circumstances seem to demand, That we'll pay them for lost time. That we fear the mine isn't safe. That we have got to wait and investigate. You'll know what to say Ben and they'll listen to you better than to any other man living. Go, as quickly as you can and the Lord bless you, dear old fellow."

Ben ran to finish dressing and Auber waited to speak to the child who was looking up wistfully into his face.

"Here, little one," he said, "you take this bright gold piece tight in your little hand and go and tell your mamma it's to buy you a dog-cart and harness—the very best that can be found."

Then he walked slowly down the street and turned the corner with a sense of relief for he saw Ben Salurian hurrying off with long, rapid strides to do his bidding.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WAITING AND TRUSTING.

AFTER going to the office and attending to Ben Salurian's duties, Auber hurried home. He was a few moments later than usual and Ozene sat at the window watching for him. He thought he had never seen her looking so happy—so radiant! His anxiety left him suddenly, like a cloud lifted by the swift winds of heaven.

"No need to ask you how you rested, dear," he said, your looks say you have rested divinely."

"O I don't know when I have slept so soundly," she exclaimed, "I never woke up once during the night! I did not know when you went out; and I felt so happy when I did awaken! So strangely happy! It seemed as though some great good had come to us. I never felt so happy in all my life—I didn't know where I was for a few moments—I was so drunken with joy. I laughed aloud! Wasn't it idiotic?"

"No, dear, it was just as it should be and just as it will be. The great joy is coming, drawing

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nearer every day. You must not be troubled about anything. You must be determined not to be, though the heavens fall. Fear of trouble, is the worst trouble in the world. The worst of the so-called accidents."

"Accidents so-called," said Ozene. "There are people who don't believe in accidents. I don't know but I shall get to be one of them. There's not much chance for accidents where you are dear, and you are everywhere. I never saw such splendid energy! never! never! How do you manage to do so much and everything in time?"

"I have a little secret. I'm not going to let it out now—It's just good enough to keep," laughed Auber, "besides it's time for breakfast, we don't live on moonshine entirely now, do we dearie?"

Ozene admitted the self-evident proposition, and after they had partaken of a leisurely breakfast, Auber went to the office to attend to matters there and wait for the return of Ben Salurian, and see what arrangements they could make for the employment of the gang of discharged men. He knew partly from experience and partly from intuition that there is nothing so provocative of trouble as the discharge of laborers. Even suspension from beneficent motives, was not popular among the miners, they consider work as their best friend and they are insanely jealous when they are parted from it.

Auber had an instructive case of this kind dur-

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ing his first year at the mine. He noticed that one of his men was growing thin and sick. He coughed badly and would no doubt go into a decline if he did not quit mining work and live in the upper air and sunshine for a while. He called him to the office and on the spur of the moment wrote out a suspension from labor for three months with full pay and offered it to him, with the remark, "You are not well my man. Take this and go and get your health. You need rest."

"Rest! rest! I'm allus needing the rest sens I wor bornd but I'm needin' the work more."

"But you'll break down entirely, man, if you don't take care of yourself now," said Auber.

"Take your permit and make good use of it."

"An' who'll be at the work in my place?" asked the man eyeing him suspiciously.

Auber mentioned some one whom he thought he might possibly get.

"Out on the mean owld shacklebones," yelled the man, "thet comes palaverin' around to take me place fram under me. Yees needn't trouble to speak about *the rest*. If it's a discharge yer wantin' ye ken make it oot and I'll be off hunting for another place."

Auber talked and argued with him in vain. He could not be convinced that it was not a concerted plan to rob him of his dearly prized work and it was not until Ozene took the matter in hand that the man could be prevailed upon to

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take the needed vacation. Even then he would have "no papers" about it, but everything was settled in a kindly informal way—between her and his family and he was sent down below to a brother farmer. When he returned he was "as fat as a bear" and found his place open to him; but he never quite got over the delusion that if he had not "stood out" in the beginning, "it would have been all up with him about his job."

"I doan't go snooks with no charity biz that forks over fer two months woork and then keeps you out of a job for a hul year and mebbby more," was his favorite remark.

After that and similar experiences Auber was careful about offering a workman a vacation. One fact at least was patent to him. It was work, work, that they wanted and must have—"work or death; work or war. Work! Work! and dam the charities!"

The more Auber saw of their inner lives and he saw a great deal through Ozene's eyes, the less he wondered that it should be so. Work meant everything, clothes, comfortable homes and respectability to such men—men who had nothing laid by.

And so it had come to pass that he discharged very few men, almost none. That he was always seeking new work for them to do instead of taking it away and enlarging his business as a matter of course. He had never discharged a large gang until now, but now he had fifty on

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his hands to look after and provide for, and they were without doubt of the class that had nothing laid by, to a man. It was useless to say that they ought not to have let themselves get into such a strait. That they drank too freely or spent their money too foolishly. That was a matter for sermons and charitable organizations and not for cataclysms. He had only to confront the situation as it stood. Hunger and poverty were upon them. They must be relieved. How should it be done? Could he find out what was needed to make the new mine safe and set them at the work at once?

He took out his watch and looked at it. It was half an hour past the time when Ben Salurian should have returned. He began to feel anxious. He paced back and forward through the room—thinking of what might have occurred to detain him. He realized more and more every moment of time that it was no slight task which he had sent Ben Salurian to do, and he began to fancy the scene that probably occurred. Of course Ben would be obliged to tell them to begin with that we had heard things that convinced us the mine was unsafe and that we valued their lives too highly to permit them to go down into it until we had examined it thoroughly and had it put in a safe condition. Then every man would have to ask a question, as to the “why” and “who said so” and “just what they said and when and where.”

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Then Ben would have to tell every thing that had been told him and give the name of the informer and vouch for his veracity. Then they would want to know all that Auber had heard or said about it. And when Ben had told them that Auber knew nothing but what he himself had told him last evening, and that it was after nine o'clock when he left Auber's house but that Auber had come over in haste early this morning and said he had heard something more which he would explain later on and ordered him to go at once and have the mine shut down; they looked suspicious and nudged each other and said:

"O there's a mystery about it then after all?"

Then Ben, since he didn't know the mystery himself and so couldn't tell it, had to talk and suggest and argue with them for half an hour perhaps.

Then, perhaps the men muttered among themselves:

"So we are skinned out of a whole day's work and no job in sight?"

Of course Ben had assured them that they would be paid promptly for their day's work and that probably work would be found for them outside of the mine, but as a rule miners did not like to work outside of mines, where they were likely to be drenched to the skin by horrid storms and have their backs blistered by the hot sun and very likely they would laugh at him and tell

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him so, bluntly or insist on having him "*treat them all around*" and go so far as to carry him off bodily to the saloon down town.

"Yes! yes! all this might occur and more too, and yet no great harm be done," said Anber to himself. Surely he could not believe that anything serious was going to happen as long as Ozene was so happy and serene.

Then he called himself a fool for raging back and forward through the office so impatiently. He locked the door, left word to have Ben come to his house as soon as he returned and rushed home to get another baptism of love and trust from Ozene.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A HARMLESS EXPLOSION.

AUBER was not disappointed when he reached home. He found Ozene as happy as he had left her, and felt in his inmost heart that all must be well so long as she was so lifted up. She had always been his guiding star. Now she was more—a living index of his daily life. Ah! he did not know how to express it! An impulse came over him to tell her all that had happened the night before, and all that he had been doing, thinking and feeling ever since; but he restrained himself. He wished to keep the sweet reserve for other days—days that might not be so full of joy.

The children were playing outside with the dog and cart and sharing their luncheon with the petted brute. Then little Zeenie picked a bunch of violets and threw them in the window.

"O smell of them, mamma, they are so sweet!" Carl threw another tiny bunch and hit her on the "smelling place," Zeenie said. Then they both laughed and laughed and tried to do it again and again but failed every time.

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And so an hour flew away and Auber had almost forgotten Ben Salurian. He took out his watch mechanically.

"Do you have to go now," asked Ozene?

"No dear, but I'm expecting Ben here—and I wonder why he hasn't come?"

He had scarcely uttered the words when they heard a low rumbling sound, like an earthquake shock. The house trembled and the windows rattled, and the dog outside gave a long mournful howl.

"What is it dear, asked Ozene calmly, it doesn't sound quite like an earthquake—nor as though it meant any harm."

Auber laughed. "I can tell you what I think it is dear. I think it's the new mine and it hasn't done any harm because there's no one in it to harm thank the Lord! I sent Ben Salurian over early this morning to shut it up and not let a single soul go into it."

"O! what a blessing! What a blessing! It is the mine! I know it is!—and you saved them! If they had gone to work this morning they would have been lost! O Jared! Jared! how can I ever thank you and love you enough?"

"We shall see, dearie. We shall know all about it when Ben comes. We're living above cloud-land now, are we not—principally?"

"Hush dear! listen—I hear music—what's coming now? It sounds like a procession."

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They went to the upper balcony and looked down the street. It *was* a procession and a right jolly one apparently.

"See! see! dear! there's Celeste and Dr. M'Queen!—He is bare-headed!—and he's carrying the baby, I do believe!—yes boosting it away up high in his arms—It must be a Sunday-school picnic they're having—an impromptu one—in-formal, I should have said. Did you ever see anybody change from the stiffest kind of formality—to the— the limberest kind of informality as easily as Dr. M'Queen?" laughed Auber looking through his field glass.

"It's rather a queer kind of a Sunday-school picnic, dearie—There's a whole gang of miners in it—and Ben Salurian!—and they are carrying him on their shoulders!—and they are coming here—Ah! I understand it now. An ovation, or something of that kind. Can you bear the excitement of it dear, or shall I take you in?"

"Bear it! Indeed I can," said Ozene!—"joy strengthens! If those poor men had been blown to atoms in little Zeenie's mine I could not have borne it. Put your arm around me, love!—closer, closer!—there! there!—that will do!—now we'll stay right here and let them look into our hearts."

Silver Moon and Cressy and the children and the dog came flying out to see what was up.

"Silver! good Silver, bring me my wedding mantle," cried Ozene. It was a fluff of creamy

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lace and it looked beautiful over the bright dress.

"Silver, good Silver, stay with us—sit down here in this easy chair—Cressy can take care of the children. There! that's right. Now, do you see Jared, we are guarded right and left—a very rock of defense. There will be no fear, no death, no accidents to-day, but life and life still more abundantly."

It was a striking group to more than one of the on-coming procession. The figures of Ozene and Auber, white, radiant and palpitating with new life and hope and the grand, stolid face of the Indian woman that looked as though it were hewn out of the brown stone background of the balcony.

"See!" said Ozene, "Ben Salurian is speaking to them now and they are listening so quietly. How I wish we could hear! What do you suppose he is saying?"

"I can imagine," said Auber, "and I know it's something good and sensible, and they will obey him. He's their king now—their uncrowned king, you know dear."

The music ceased and the procession came on very quietly and orderly. Celeste waved her handkerchief to Ozene and Ozene waved back again and Dr. M'Queen waved the baby and it was so still that they could hear the little fellow crow.

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They came up to the gate and Dr. M'Queen called out:

"You heard the explosion, Auber. It was the Zeeny mine. It was a bad one—rocks and sand hurled in every direction. Shaft all caved in and these men have come to tell you how thankful they are for the order that saved their lives. If they had gone to work this morning as they had engaged to do and expected to do—indeed were almost determined to do—(Have I put it too strong?)" asked Dr. M'Queen, turning to the men).

"No! no!" said a dozen voices—"tell him all about the pow-wow—how some of us were for forcing Ben to open up and some for dragging him off to the saloon and making him treat all around—and how't we wouldn't believe a word about the mine bein' unsafe—not a word," chimed in another miner, "'til the horrid mine opened his yawp and spoke for itself—and we wouldn't mind Dr. M'Queen nuther when he warnted us tu let go Ben—and we don't want no credit thet dont' b'long to us—we swore t' wer a trumped up lie tu take our job from us," remarked another.

Dr. M'Queen wiped his eyes on the baby's pinafore and said:

"You see how it was, Auber, these men were suffering for work and they were willing to go through the dragon's mouth to get it. The Lord forgive and bless them! I've nothing more to say."

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"I know! I know, my men," began Auber in a husky voice, "work means a great deal to you and I know that I meant to pay you for lost time. I also meant to find other work for you to do as soon as I possibly could. I can't prove it to you, of course, except by doing it—the mine will not be likely to open its mouth on the subject of my intentions; but if you will come to the office this afternoon at 5 o'clock I will pay to every one of you a day's wages."

Every cap went up and there was a sound of suppressed applause.

Auber shook his head and flung out. "You needn't give me any credit for that. It's a matter of simple justice. When I hire a man to work in my property and he comes ready and dressed for his day's labor and through some fatality or other finds *me* unready—I consider it's my fault or misfortune and that it's my business to pay him for his day's labor. It's not goodness, it's not generosity, it's not charity—it's simple justice."

"But you saved our lives"—blurted out one—"they'd be diggin' us out now," said another, "if ye hedn't ordered a shut down,"—"ther's wher we ken git in er thank ye,"—said a third.

"No you must not thank me too entirely for that either," said Auber. "I'm only third on the list—there's Ben, and here's my wife."

They looked at Ozene and lifted their caps in

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reverent silence. It was as much as to say, "Yes, we know you have a mystery there—one that we are not worthy to know."

Auber understood it and went on. "It would be almost impossible for me to tell you just how I was influenced to do as I did. Probably you already know Ben's part in the matter—how he heard that the mine was unsafe and came and told me about it—but you do not know that when I went to sleep last night I had no more idea of shutting down the mine this morning than I had of going to Saturn or the Moon—"

"Hear! hear! hear!" was the word that went from lip to lip.

Auber turned to Ozene. She had said, "we will let them look into our hearts" and she was looking into his now, with that wonderful penetrative gaze of hers. He went on as though inspired.

"I was awakened at midnight by a voice—it was not a voice from the mine such as we heard a moment ago—it was a human voice—a voice of agony—a voice of entreaty—it cried out—"The mine! the mine! dear love! Shut it up! Go quickly!"

"I was dazed. The room was full of moonlight. My wife was sleeping by my side. I spoke to her but she did not awaken. I got up and looked out of the window. All was white and serene. Now my dear fellows, where do you suppose that voice came from? The voice that was

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not from the mine and did not make the earth tremble; but made *me* tremble from head to foot."

"From Heaven"—"Mrs. Auber"—"The angels"—was the answer.

"Well I have my own theory about it and you may have yours. What I know is that I did not close my eyes again until I had made up my mind what the words meant and just what it was my duty to do. You know the rest, you have been saved from an awful death—you know whom to thank now."

"Ben Salurian"—"the angels"—"Mrs. Auber"—"and you that minded the heavenly voice," shouted some one at last!

"That's right! that's true!" cried Ozene, spreading out her arms in the attitude of a benediction—"If he had not listened to the still small voice—to the appeals of conscience—if he had not loved you and cared for you and been anxious to do all in his power to save you and safe-guard you from harm—O where would you be now, my dear fellows, and your wives and little ones? God bless them!—It makes me shudder to think of it! Take me in dear love! take me in!"

Celeste came at once and the family physician a little later on; but there was little need of the latter functionary, for there was no sickness in Ozene's chamber, no terror, no agony, no going down into the valley and the shadow of death—but exclamations of delight and a joyous recep-

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tion for the little one that came so quickly "as tho' glad to be with us," laughed Ozene.

Ah! it is useless to try to tell all the things that were said in praise of that one baby—to tell of the ecstatic joy of the mother, the wild extravagances of the father and the enthusiasm of the friends! It is ever thus, but nurses are more reliable. They have seen hundreds of babies and bathed them and dressed them and if there is any difference they are quick to perceive it; and this is what Ozene's nurse said.

"It was a little wee thing but so perfect and divinely beautiful—with tiny flaxen curls all over its little head—eyes as blue as heaven and skin as white as milk! Yes, too beautiful to live!—too beautiful!" she added.

But it lived, nevertheless, in spite of the rather ambiguous statement—as though only the homely and deformed were worthy of life. It lived and was apparently well satisfied with this world of milk and honey and had no instincts that led it to seek a better land. Yes, it lived right on and drank and cooed and ate and toddled and walked and became the owner of a mine just as the other children had.

When it was christened the church was wreathed with flowers and the congregation was wreathed in smiles, for it had the funniest name—Milner Ichabod Garry Auber! Dr. M'Queen himself laughed aloud for while he was bending over it

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to administer the sacred rite, the little rascal raised up a chubby hand and pulled his nose, and laughed a joyful little laugh that sent every body in the church home laughing.

No wonder that the fond father dubbed him the laughing little lad, who came over

*"In a bark that was launched on the other side
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide."*

or that being an appreciative Englishman he quoted the finest "cradle song" ever penned by an American poet. Truly! it was a case of Reciprocity in the bud! A "cradle song" with a joyful little soul in it instead of a puling, crying infant! "A good example for our infant industries," said the staid Dr. M'Queen.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MUCH MONEY BUT NOTHING FOR VAIN SHOW.

As might well be expected, after the fortunate explosion at the Zeeny mine and the happy circumstances which followed it, Auber's star of destiny shone forth with sudden and almost unparalleled radiance. It had been moving brightly and steadily on from the beginning but it had received a stronger impetus, a new gleam and a fullness that was simply amazing. Everything had been preparing for it and now it was swinging off grandly into the wide world of commercial enterprise. All he had ever needed was that the new world-workers should have faith in him—"the feller from Cornall who had come among them for elbow room and a chance." Fifteen years had passed away and he had proved himself a true husband to the mine owner's daughter, whom they at first more than half suspected he had married from mercenary motives. He had also proved himself to be a loving and devoted father and a generous friend to every worthy object;

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and last of all he had proved beyond the shadow of a doubt his tender regard for their personal welfare—yes for their very lives.

“No matter whose voice it was that told him to shut down that pesky mine,” said one,—“he minded it!—he minded it!”

“It wer the dear Missus thet toold im in course,” said another, “but she b’longs and with sooch a backer he’ll noo fail us.”

The fact was he had minded his lessons from whatever source they had come, whether from Ozene’s lips or from a miner’s child, and when he had learned a new lesson he did not delay to profit by it, or improve upon it if need be.

No miner’s little boy now but had “a dog-cart and harness as good as Carl Auber’s.” No miner’s little girl but had as fine an array of dolls as little Zeeny had. To be sure, he did not give them each a mine. Of course not. If that was his one reserve of power, it was a necessary one for he really did not have mines enough to go around—though one old miner made the remark:

“P’raps the time will come when he can give every new-born babe a mine if he keeps on buying at this rate.”

It was noticed that a pressure of applications for work invariably resulted in the purchase of a new property.

“If I should buy a new mine I could set you fellows to work,” Auber would say, pending such

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appeals, and the fellows soon came to know that a mine would be bought and they could lie back on their oars with serene patience. At the same time they were ready to fall down and worship him. They would rather work for half pay than not be employed by him; but he would have no *kow tow-ing*—no craven worship. He was quick to resent it and set the craven on his feet. Still hero-worship dies hard among certain classes of men and when Auber bought a veritable old mossy-back mine such as was referred to by General Whitler on his initial journey through the lakes, for a gift to little Milner Ichabod Garry Auber, he could not prevent the miners from holding a sort of an informal mass meeting—or from throwing up their caps and dubbing him King Auber.

“O, I wish they’d quit such nonsense,” said Auber, “I don’t like it. It don’t boost me up and it degrades them—”

Ozene shook her head. “I can’t blame them with a clear conscience. I remember of calling you king away down in the innermost depths of my heart—it was one charmed evening in the long ago—Do you remember it, love? We had been talking about mining affairs and you had just risen to say good-night.”

“Yes, dearie, but that was different. I was calling you my angel, my queen from my innermost heart, and was wanting to take hold of you

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and kiss you just as I do now; but those poor men! I can never repay them in kind. If they'd only stuck to the old title I would have liked it far better—That suited me exactly.”

“What title, dear?”

“Does she pretend she doesn't know, little wifey,” laughed Auber.

“It's ‘The man that minds,’ dearie.—That's never missed his opportunities in that respect. But what will we do next? The money is pouring in like a flood. The visions are all realized, are they not? The miners' homes are as good as ours in a way. The swimming school is ready for the swimmers. The miners' bath house is in active operation with the clean clothes all hanging on their respective pegs. The sick houses are all fumigated and whitewashed—with their latch-strings all out ready for the consumptive Indian to enter. The M'Queens have all the wings they need on their church and it is fully surrounded with kindergartens, rest cottages, industrial schools and mission houses. Our seven English sisters are remembered. Shall we lay aside our prejudices and build a steeple on the church, endow it and dedicate it to the—ravens?”

“No! you know we will not dear. If we had millions to spend there would never be anything for steeples and shows and monstrous buildings of stone and marble that eat up everything and leave nothing for the sick and hungered. Isn't

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it wonderful dear, how staunch Dr. M'Queen is on that point considering his antecedents?"

"He gets his inspiration from Celeste," said Auber, rather gruffly. He had never quite forgotten Dr. M'Queen's designs on Ozene.

"Yes, yes," said Ozene, but he is thoroughly converted you know and the absorbing question just now is how they are going to proceed to get that steeple-headed Canadian voyager's brains back in shape. He's our English brother, you know!"

"Lord! Lord! they know they can have all the money they want to do it with, don't they? Money is dirt compared with even the poorest quality of human brains," said Auber. "It's wrong on principle to take care of England's paupers while England is spending its millions for conquest in the Soudan; but it's right at heart to relieve the destitute wherever we find them." "There's room and to spare in the great 'Lonesome Land.' England should send her young men of muscle there to hew their way to honest homes and fortunes instead of sending them to mow their way through the populous East with fire and blood—to dig the hearts out of men instead of the treasure out of the earth. Lord! Lord! how thankful I am that I'm beyond such a call—beyond being strapped and sworded and sent to fight and fester beneath a burning sun! Kiss me, dearie, it makes me faint to think of it."

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"If England should work her Canadian mines as energetically as we do ours—there might be an oversupply," remarked Ozene. "It seems as though there must be in time. Prodding the dear old earth and going down deeper and deeper, it seems as tho' there must be an end of it some day!"

"But the day is far distant, dearie—very, very far if the world would have a revival of commerce and common sense and steer clear of horrible wars. If they'd build railroads and cables and tear down absurd division lines between the old and new countries."

"Will we have to abandon the Celeste mine, do you think? " asked Ozene.

"No, dear, if we can get Professor Agnoris up here to back us. It's a beautiful mine and I believe it contains riches untold if we could only strike the right trail, but they are all against me, even Ben Salurian. What we need is a good geologist; but they are so prejudiced against scientific investigation; still if I could get Professor Agnoris to help me, he'd be just the man. His Columbian researches and his Palace for Bugs have made him famous."

"Where is he now and where is his son?" asked Ozene.

"He is in the South sea with Count Novalles, dredging for the United States Government, and his son has charge of Bug Palace during his

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absence. He is very much interested in the Pennsylvania mines, I hear. I suspect he is more of an enthusiast on mining matters than his father," said Auber.

"Why not have him up here instead of his father," asked Ozene.

"O, he seems such a mere lad," exclaimed Auber.

"But he is not a lad any longer," laughed Ozene. "He must be a mature man now. Why not invite him up since we can't have the father? It would be a delightful trip this season of the year and a needed vacation perhaps."

"Good!" exclaimed Auber. "That's one of your inspirations, dearie! We will send for him early in the morning. I should enjoy meeting him after all these years and taking his measure, even if he can't help me see through the Celestial. If he should prove to be capable of making a report it might put a little needed money into his pocket. Agnoris *père* has always been too busy to make money he says. But you must write the invitation, dearie. He can't help coming then, any more than I could—that is if he is not tied with a cast iron chain."

"Nonsense, Jared! As though any other mortal could feel as you do about any letter of mine."

"Well, I rather think he had better not," growled Auber. "The very thought of any other man falling in love with you as I did makes me feel tigerish."

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"O you foolish fellow, after all these years!"

"Yes, after all these years," mimicked Auber, dreamily. Well, that's a good sign. It's a sign I'm not quite dead yet, if I can be jealous, is it not?"





WRECKED

CHAPTER XXX.

PROFESSOR AGNORIS ACCEPTS QUICKLY.

THE next morning after the conversation between the husband and wife about "The Celestial," they wrote a joint note to Professor Alex Agnoris inviting him to pay them a visit and make an examination of the condemned mine. They enclosed tickets and instructions for the journey, so there might be no delay in case of acceptance. The Professor came on the next boat.

Auber was at the landing, when the boat came in, and recognized him at once. He had the same searching, honest look—a little intensified perhaps, but still the same that had distinguished him from all other lads at the Oxford school—yes, and the same rather poor but well brushed clothes. They grasped each others hands but the Professor was the first to speak.

"The same! But how splendid you have grown! No need to ask if you are well and happy!"

"And I would have known you among a thousand," laughed Auber, "with that look which

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reaches to the bottom of things and sifts them after it gets there." But let us have your boxes now. If you have been prospecting on the way you must have about a hundred of them! You see I know the tricks of the trade. I was on the boat with your father, when I first came to this fish and bug infested region."

"Yes, and truly?—but don't take me to your home," said the Professor, looking at his shiny coat sleeve nervously—"there'll be ladies there and I'm not in trim for the formalities. Leave me at the hotel, please."

"Formalities," laughed Auber, "you'll not get any where I shall take you. My wife is there and our rollicking children. There's no room for formalities even if we were so senseless as to want to impose them on a tired traveller. The little ones will probably be hugging you and investigating your watch pocket before you have been in the house five minutes."

The Professor looked dismayed. Auber was amused. He went on in his jovial way.

"Never fear. You shall have a room where even the little rascals will not dare to enter. A room in the Sunset Tower."

"I see, I see," said the Professor, smiling, "you understand what a social sinner I have grown to be."

"You didn't have to grow much in that direction, Professor. If I remember rightly the floor

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of the ocean was always more attractive to you than the floor of a ball-room. Coral reefs were more enticing than coral lips; and no doubt you have been dredging the Gulf Stream, the Caribbean Sea and the South Pacific for a different kind of life from social life or family life, since the early days."

"No, I haven't been to those fascinating deeps yet," replied the Professor, gravely, "but I am going as soon as I can command a boat—that is a boat of my own."

"That's going into science with a vengeance, Professor; but I believe in it. Thorough work and plenty of it is my motto. It's about what I have been trying to do here. There was one mine to begin with—my wife's mainly. Now we have half a dozen. Hers was the nest egg though, and she used to egg me on when we were first married; but now she holds me back a little. She is so afraid of accidents and unsanitary conditions! So terribly afraid we will get more properties on our hands than we can supervise and keep in safe, healthful, working order. I know she's right about it too but I confess I'm awfully tempted to fly off on a tangent sometimes and do daring things."

"Like a General at the head of his regiment, I suppose," laughed the Professor. "The crown of gold and the laurel wreath shine above the sordid details of the battle field."

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"Yes, yes," groaned Auber—"above the wretchedness and soil and sunset of the hard-working men down below; but it's the devil in us clutching for gold and power! Well, I am trying to cast it out but I don't believe I could if I hadn't a wife to help."

"That's all very fine, my dear fellow," said the Professor, looking at him with evident admiration, "but you shouldn't let sentiment run away with you. It strikes me that a mine that doesn't pay a cent's profit may require the doing of dangerous things, and of daring ones too, possibly."

Auber looked at the man of science with a long, scrutinizing gaze. He was wondering within himself if it were possible that he who had always been looking so deeply into the various forms of life, should have ignored the highest form—the very heart of it where the humanities dwelt! Would it be their duty to teach him a lesson in this respect, and if so how would he receive it? And what would Ozene think of such a man, and what would be her influence on such a masterful nature? But they were at the house now and the children, bless them, were playing on the lawn and Ozene was standing at the door to give him an informal welcome.

"Here are Carl and Zeeny and Milner and Jarry and Celeste," said Auber as he brushed past them to present Professor Alex Agnoris to his wife.

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The cordial greeting which he received made him feel at home at once. The matter of going to the hotel was settled without words and he and his boxes were taken to the guest chamber, where he was left to prepare for dinner which was to be ready in an hour's time.

It was a charming room—a veritable sun-set tower, overlooking the grand lake. It was the same lake that he had been looking and tossing upon for two days past but it was a new view and he was *on* the land side of it. A new feeling came over him. He flung himself into the restful window seat, where he sat with half closed eyes and fancied himself in the arms of Paradise looking out on the eternal sea! Thus the hour flew by, but it took with it the last vestige of nervousness with regard to dress. He really had a dinner suit in his box but he forgot to put it on.

The dinner was not forgotten, however, and the Professor acknowledged to himself that he had not enjoyed a dinner so much for years. No, he had never enjoyed just such a dinner. It was altogether unique—a hostess after his own heart and such children! He had never seen just such a family—so interesting, so original and so well behaved, so naturally and genuinely polite. He looked at Auber sharply as they arose from the table.

“That must have been a pleasant fiction of yours, about the hugging and the watch-pocket investigation.”

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Auber laughed. "O you'll see after you have been here a few days. They have quite a number of other things to interest them and use up their superfluous energies. They play at mining sometimes."

"Mining," exclaimed the Professor! "I never saw that play 'though I've seen a great many children's plays. I was born where they manufacture them by the wholesale."

"Of course you haven't seen this," remarked Auber, glancing slyly at Ozene. "It was invented and manufactured hereabouts. We have never had it patented yet; but it has everything complete, however—complete as it can be on a small scale. I know because I superintended the construction of the mine proper with the cages and man-holes and all the dangerous parts. My wife had charge of the safety appliances, the sanitation, the bath and the department for sick and wounded miners; so you may be sure they are elaborate and up-to-date."

"You don't say you have all this in miniature, and that the children run it?"

"That's about it, isn't it dear?" said Auber, turning to his wife.

"You can see for yourself, if you like, Professor. This is the day for it and the very hour. They have gone to their mine now I suspect," replied Ozene.

She arose and went to the garden window. "See

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here, Professor. There's the mine in the back end of the garden beyond the Summer House, and there are the children ready to begin operations. Shall we go out?"

"Certainly," exclaimed the Professor, dashing out bare-headed. "I wouldn't miss such a sight for worlds!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE PROFESSOR'S INTRODUCTION TO THE CHILDREN'S MINE.

“**T**o begin with, please tell me what the name of your mine is, Master Carl,” said the Professor.

“The Iron Hat,” replied Carl, gravely. “They call Iron Hat *Gossan* in Cornwall where papa came from.”

“And you find valuable things under the Iron Hat, I suppose,” laughed the Professor.

“Yes, rather,” replied Carl, “but we found the Iron Hat first, so we named it Iron Hat. Afterwards we found *melanconite*, *cuprite*, *azurite* and then ‘copper glance.’ It is not the richest kind of a mine but it pays for the working and gives us the experience we need. Mamma says a rich experience is better for us, than ingots of copper, bars of silver or nuggets of gold.”

“An’ we dits muggets of fun out of it, Misty Pofessy,” said Celeste, the wee little girl who had not as yet mastered the hard words.

The Professor was pleased to notice that the children’s mine was as perfectly planned in all

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the essential points as the best of working mines.

"You have shafts for safety and ventilation, I see," he said. "That's right. The object lesson should be perfect if perfect results are to be attained. What barbarous things they were—the old one-shaft mines! How many lives have been needlessly sacrificed! Only think of the old Hartly mine where a whole company of miners were starved to death from the filling up of the solitary shaft; but that was the climax. Legislation forbids the construction of such mines now."

"Yes," said Ozene, "but I fear we have a great many barbarisms left. We are surely having a great many mining accidents—accidents so-called but legislation is fearfully slow and the laws we have are not rigorously enforced. We need a wiser and better spirit back of them. Mine owners or directors should be educated men—thoroughly educated not only in their craft but in the humanities as well."

The Professor looked at her long and keenly as he might have looked at a new specimen of fauna which had applied for admission at Bug Palace, and Auber took note of his attitude and smiled contentedly. He thought that the charm had begun to work and that it was of the right kind.

"What is it you have here, my boy," asked the Professor, noticing a long piece of timber in a solution of some kind.

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"O that's for a new prop for the roof of the mine," replied Carl. "The old one begins to show signs of dry rot. There's only one little spot yet and it might last two or three years, but we won't take the least shadow of a chance. We had a beam fall in once and it crushed ten miners."

"Yes," said Milner, "and we worked hard a whole day trying to get them out although they weren't real flesh and blood miners but only rubber and china ones."

"And we got the St. Johns Ambulance Society to carry them to the hospital as fast as we got them out," said Jarry.

"Yes, and we cried over them and mamma didn't blame us any," said Zeeny. "She cried a little too because it made her think of the hundreds of real miners—fathers with wives and little children dependent on them, who have been killed in just such a way."

"Yes," said little Celeste, looking up into the Professor's face with tearful eyes, "and I mended the miney's boken bones and put 'em in 'ittle cots and div em brof and medcin 'til they dot all well and papa tissed me and said I was his dood 'ittle nursie, dirlie."

"Papa is a sensible man," said the Professor, clasping the little hands which were held up to him in childish appeal. His eyes were moist too, but he smiled as he thought how much pleasanter it was to have said hands within his own than to

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have them rummaging his vest pockets, and he gave Auber another swift glance of reproof, which amused that gentleman mightly. The watch-pocket business threatened to become a standing joke.

"What kind of solution are you soaking your roof-timber in?" asked the Professor, presently.

"Sulphite of iron," replied Carl, promptly. "That's the best. I studied up on the subject. They tried it at Commentry for years. It's the cheapest too."

"Bravo, my lad!" exclaimed the Professor. "You are sound as a nut on that subject; but the lamps! Did you ever have an accident from the lamps? They are the peskiest things about a mine."

"O, our lamps are all well enough," replied Carl—"It's the pesky miners that won't leave them locked!"

They all laughed.

"But it's true, isn't it papa? The only accident we ever had from that source was caused by a miner that unlocked his lamp. It would have been an awful one if the men hadn't happened to be gone to their dinners."

"Yes, my son," replied Auber, gravely; "only it really and truly happened in my mine and you played it happened in yours."

"And it hurt the miner that did the unlocking pretty badly, didn't it papa?"

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"Yes, sonny, so badly that he swears by the heavens and the earth and the great Gitchee-Gumee that he will never unlock another mining lamp."

"We don't have much fire-damp in our mines but they have a power of it over at Silver Islet," said Carl, "and they have terrible explosions, but we are well prepared for fire-damp. We have got the Bidder Lamp—the best lamp in the world. It has a lock on it that takes a stroke of lightning, almost to break it. We have Fuess breathing apparatus, so we could go into our mine immediately after an explosion and bring out the dead and wounded, with safety."

"Yes, we've got everything all ready, but we don't mean to have an explosion ever," said Zeeny, with great emphasis.

"Of course we don't. We are not like the bad old warriors, *We're* not," said Jarry.

"How are they?" asked the Professor.

"They go to a college and learn how to kill folks and then they want to go to war and kill them, sure," replied Jarry.

"No, we don't want to do nuffin' bad," said Celeste, rubbing her soft cheek against the Professor's hand. We pray evy night, "O Dod don't let the dear minys dit hurted."

The elders smiled and the children went on with their mining play as far as practicable.

The mimic miners were whisked into the dressing room with their good clothes on, and came

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out in their mining dress. Then the man engine was brought into requisition and they were lowered down to their work.

"I conclude that's the end of it for to-day," laughed Auber. "It's not an accident day. You can see one or more of those later on if you choose, without a doubt."

"And I shall surely choose," said the Professor, as they turned away. It's worth coming all the way up here to see what I have already seen. Why! bless her heart! Here's the little one!"

She was reaching up her hand to be led. He caught her in his arms and carried her into the house.

Shortly thereafter Auber and the Professor made a visit to the condemned mine. They returned at tea-time with hopeful faces.

"The Professor has perfect faith in the Celestial mine, dearie, and he complains of nothing but being as hungry as a bear. The Superior air is a noble tonic."

CHAPTER XXXII.

DANGEROUS DEEP-SHAFT MINES.

AFTER they were seated at the tea-table the Professor remarked:
“My impression is that new shafts will have to be sunk and that they will have to go very deep down before they strike the true lode.”

“O! papa!” broke in Carl, “if they go on digging and digging and boring deep-down holes and holes and holes, after a while there won’t be anything but holes left of our beautiful earth!”

Auber and the Professor laughed while Ozene explained that Carl was having a serious time with his little geographical globe which represented our earth. He had already run so many shafts into it from the Lake Superior region that it was in danger of collapse.

“And I haven’t got half as many located as papa has in his mines yet. When I get all of ours sunk I’m sure there won’t be much room left for the rest. There won’t be any room at all for the big French mine,” said Carl earnestly.

“How would it do to invite the French to evacuate,” laughed the Professor.

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"Mamma says they have just as good a right to sink shafts as we have, but I don't like their underground boss, anyway," said Carl frankly.

"You mean you don't like his talk, my son," corrected his mother.

"Yes, and his acts, mother. He drinks and swaggers and brags that their copper is the best in the world. That the whole world knows it. That they don't have to sell to small puddlers. That they sell to big nations that want to go to war with each other and buy Superior metals to make superior instruments to kill each other off. I heard him say so to a man yesterday when they were coming out of the hotel. I don't think it's a great nation that wants to kill another off—truly, do you papa?"

"No, my son, war is horrid and I don't want to sell copper for cartridges to kill men with and I hope no child of mine ever will."

"I suppose you have your largest orders from the railroad companies," said the Professor.

"Yes, yes," replied Auber, with a gesture of relief. "They are the ones I like to deal with; but business is deceptive and it's hard to escape the brutal side of the beast. The large use of metal for making instruments to kill or torture human beings with, is a matter for deep regret instead of vain boasting and I'm glad our boy sees it," added his father, giving him an encouraging look.

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"Papa," broke in Carl again, "I've got to run my shaft a lot deeper, if I have it anywhere near as deep as the deepest one in the Celestial, and if I run it much deeper it will hit China."

"And that wouldn't be a very celestial thing to do," laughed the Professor; "but seriously, Mr. Auber, how deep is the deepest shaft?"

"About 6,000 feet," replied Auber, "and it's the only one that pays any thing worth while. It really pays very well and it has the purest kind of ore at the bottom."

"At the bottom! Indeed, that is a point worth noting," exclaimed the Professor.

"But it's a wretched place to work in," protested Ozene. "So hot and stifling, that even wet blankets and ice fail to make the workers entirely comfortable. What would it be if it were sunk still lower down?"

"A little more stifling doubtless," replied the Professor; "but it might lead to inventions for relieving the situation entirely. The science of ventilation is in its infancy yet."

"God speed the inventions and save us from deepening the shafts until they come!" exclaimed Ozene with moist eyes, "I think it a sin to provide such awful working places for human beings."

"Do the workers complain?" asked the Professor.

"No, but they wouldn't even if they were far

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worse than they are. Their living depends upon their work. They seem anxious to do it; but that is no excuse for us. We know that such unnatural conditions promote disease and shorten life. Only think of the poor miners working day after day and year after year in places where we could not stay for a single hour without feeling faint and ill!"

"I should think a system of rotation, might be introduced with benefit," said the Professor.

"One has to be very cautious about introducing changes," said Auber. I have tried it occasionally and I know just what would happen if I should ask them to shift about. Every man wants to stick to his place—in fact does stick to it with virile tenacity. They are woe-fully jealous of each other in this regard. The most we have been able to do for them is to furnish free medical treatment for all—then as the deep-down miners have the most sickness, they are benefited the most in that way—a poor pitiful way, my wife calls it, but it's better than nothing—and then—"

The husband and wife exchanged appreciative glances.

"Well you see," continued Auber, "everything that's done, has to be done very quietly."

"I understand," said the Professor.

"But it's so little we can do," said Ozene, sadly. "We can't save them from sickness, premature

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age and death. We have them on our conscience after all."

"But you try, my good lady." It's their ignorance that prevents. Yes ignorance, lack of true scientific knowledge with regard to the laws of health," mused the Professor. "How would it do to institute a course of popular lectures on the subject and lay especial emphasis on the beneficial effects of change of employment—change of air *et cetera*?"

"It would be a capital thing," exclaimed Auber, "if the teaching could be driven home with care and energy."

"Yes, dear," smiled Ozene, "that would be something but wouldn't it be better to remove the cause? Those deep, awful shafts seem like the gates of the Inferno to my weak imagination."

"But if the mine could not be worked without them—properly worked, I mean," said the Professor, "and the system of rotation could be drilled into the heads of the miners and improved means of ventilation invented—which are needed everywhere, how would it seem then?"

"If the *then* were now, it would seem tolerable, at least more tolerable sighed Ozene, "but inventions and even improvements come slowly. Meanwhile many a poor man may have lost his health or life."

"Yes, and the earth may be all riddled through and through as tho' it had been set up as a target

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for a lot of marksmen to shoot at," said Carl, coming up and laying his hand on his mother's shoulder. "Say, mother," he added, kissing her cheek in his boyish way, "let's make a calculation some day how long it would take to bore this world as full of holes as a pepper box, if we keep on at the present pace."

"The calculation would take more than one day, Carl, but I think it would be a good plan to try it. We should get an idea of the immensity of the problem if nothing more."

Most of mothers would have called him down for talking too much was the Professor's reflection.

"You see, Professor, we have the humane point of view and the mother-earth point of view all in our own family," laughed Auber, softly. "I don't know as we need wonder if the ignorant or uninitiated should have a fear that the great army of mine owners (in the cruel race of competition), should take it into their heads to run an unlimited number of shafts down to the very centre of the earth, in which case it might become so badly riddled as to fall to pieces entirely! Of course this sounds like a big joke; but sometimes there is a little truth in a big joke—eh! Professor? If the builder of our first big ship had been told, while sending her off to sea, that the little ant out on the hill could gather an army of its kind together, which would be large enough and enterprising enough to work woe to her splendid

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physical structure, he would have scoffed at the story as a wretched joke, would he not; and yet it has been done."

"Surely, Auber, but I apprehend that the earth has elements of reconstruction that the ship has not. Besides, we are a long way off from the centre yet—too far to begin to think of riding in on the back of a joke," laughed the Professor.

"Seriously, Professor," said Ozene, "don't you think there must be metals enough near the earth's surface to supply present needs, without going so far down to get them? It seems to me that anything which is very difficult and dangerous to obtain, ought not to be sought for unless absolutely necessary."

"How's that, Auber? Has the world ever had all the copper it wants? The question seems to have resolved itself into a matter of over-production."

"Not yet," replied Auber, "but such a thing might happen and very likely will some time. If the world should become a 'warless world,' such as Tennyson foresees, there surely will be less demand for copper. God speed the time, I say, although there will have to be or should be a reduction of output all along the line."

"Then '*the rub*' will come," laughed the Professor. "Some of the biggest mine owners along the line will refuse to reduce their output. They are the same sly fellows that now give wrong

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figures or refuse to give any information with regard to it. They have the cheek or back for any emergency and will continue to shake the tree and pick up the plums, no matter how great the surfeit is."

"They ought not to though!" exclaimed Ozene. "It would be very wrong and selfish and very wasteful too. I admire the Indian spirit in this regard. You never see an Indian woman picking more plums than she has use for. You never see an Indian man hauling in fish and killing game simply for the amusement or excitement of it. The millionaire and the stock-gambler ought to take lessons of poor old Lo!"

"Probably they wouldn't *take*. They'd be more likely to say, 'That's why poor old Lo is always so poor,'" laughed the Professor, as they arose from the table.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PROFESSOR IS INVITED TO SWIM.

THE hour after supper was the children's hour and the Professor romped and played with them greatly to their delight and his own edification.

After the hour was up a bell tinkled and they rushed out in great haste. In five minutes time they re-appeared, all arrayed in gay swimming suits.

"Come f'wim wiv me Misty Professy," shouted Celeste, bounding up to him and catching hold of his hand. "You may wear papa's f'wim jacket, may'n't he papa?"

"Yes, duckie, but perhaps he doesn't want to swim."

"I should want to if I only knew how," laughed the Professor.

"O you wogue!" exclaimed Celeste. "You do know how to f'wim. You f'wim dood enough. You'd look real sweet in papa's jacket!—drefful sweet! If you don't f'wim it's 'cause you don't want to f'wim wiv me!" she added in a grieved tone. "Zeenie f'wims better'n I do."

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"But I would like to swim with you very much indeed, little one. I had rather swim with you than dance with the Queen but really and truly I don't know how and I'm so sorry!"

Celeste looked at the Professor with tears in her eyes.

"O! you must learn how to f'wim Misty Professy. You'll be drowned if you don't. You'll be drowned to def. Papa was most drowned to def once 'cause he didn't know how to f'wim. I don't want you to be drowned to def, Misty Professy," she added, rubbing her wet cheeks against his.

"How was that Auber?" asked the Professor.

"That's true," replied Auber. "I couldn't swim a stroke when I set sail for this region and I was caught in a terrible Lake Superior storm. I shall never forget the agony I endured on that account. It was enough for me. I vowed then and there that if I ever lived to have children they should learn to be expert swimmers and they are. They swim like ducks, every one of them."

"O! you will learn to f'wim, Misty Professy, won't you?" pleaded Celeste.

The Professor promised and Celeste went dancing off to the swimming tank—a huge affair which occupied nearly the whole of a large sized room.

"Fee me f'wim, Misty Professy? O! it's easy's nuffin."

She plunged down into the water head foremost, turned a somersault and came up panting

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like a young roe and with dripping lashes that made her great round eyes look larger and brighter than ever. The others were more expert but she was the youngest and her antics were more fascinating.

"Commend me to the swimming bath," remarked the Professor, after he had watched them for some time with great interest. "It is far ahead of the ordinary bath—that is the 'cleanliness next to Godliness' bath. I remember it was a great dread to me when I was a youngster to be seized upon by the nurse and washed, simply that I might be clean, and in soap suds that left a bitter taste in my mouth and made my eyes smart. I should have enjoyed this I am sure. It's cleanliness, amusement and education, all in a lump and more than one kind of education. Panting is splendid for the lungs and the lungs play such an important part in the physical economy."

"Yes," replied Ozene, "but that isn't all of it either. The humanities are not entirely forgotten. They have a shipwreck once a week which gives them a chance not only to put their swimming knowledge to the test but to rescue and resuscitate the drowning. Would you like to see them go through with it? It's not the night for it but they are never tired of playing shipwreck."

"Indeed, I should," exclaimed the Professor, "but where will the storm come from?"

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"My husband is the storm keeper," laughed Ozene. "He holds the storms in the hollow of his hand, so to speak."

"Yes, I can get up a storm on a sea of this size in a trice," replied Auber, and after helping the children get the boat afloat and the other apparatus in order, he went outside.

The boat was a perfect little beauty and perfectly rigged throughout even to toy passengers sitting at the cabin windows.

"In a trice" as Auber had averred, the waters began to swell and the boat began to roll. The children stood grave and watchful on the rim of the mimic sea. Then the breakers rolled in, the waves grew wilder and wilder and formed hollows into which the brave little craft plunged and rose again and again; but she was overpowered at last and a scene of wild confusion reigned. Clouds of mist almost veiled her from view, but through the seething waters came cries as of frightened passengers and occasional glimpses of little forms and life preservers being hurled around on deck. After that came the boom of the big sea-gun, the boat careened and the little forms of men, women and children and dogs were scattered far and wide over the waters. Carl and Milner pushed off to the rescue with the calmness of a pair of life-saving experts, and after buffeting bravely with the receding waves they brought a boat load of passengers to shore where

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the sisters were waiting with sad and eager faces to employ their methods of resuscitation. The drowned babies were given to Celeste and it was interesting to see her go through with the same thorough treatment of the older ones. After she had done all she could for "the poor little things," as she called them, she came to the Professor with tearful eyes.

"O Misty Pofessy! I couldn't bring but one of my little babies too. They don't wear life-zervers, babies don't, and I dess their muvers an' fovers didn't know how to f'wim. O you must learn how to f'wim, so your little babies won't be drowned to def."

"There Professor," laughed Auber, "you have the closing argument at last—the humane one."

"I shall surely have to learn to swim," replied the Professor, as he took the resuscitated doll baby in the hollow of his hand. "The object lesson is small but the argument is mighty."

"The object is small enough to put in your watch-pocket, eh, Professor?"

"Do you know you ought to be put in limbo for the watch-pocket slander, Auber. The diversions of your little ones are so far away from those of the ordinary, pocket-rummaging children. I voted that a nuisance long ago, but you have done better, you have put something infinitely better in its place. If every parent would do the same the world would

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be revolutionized speedily. The trouble with the education of children is, that it is the result of ennui, principally. They must be active every moment of the time—every waking moment; and we don't see to it that their activities are properly employed. They do everything and anything that comes to hand. They stultify themselves and annoy their elders for lack of wise direction. How well this couplet applies!

"O mamma, dear mamma, what shall I do? I've played all my plays two times through."

A little later on when Celeste was saying her prayers, she added with great fervor.

"O Lord bless Misty Fesser, and learn him how to f'wim."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PROFESSOR'S REWARD.

THEY were alone in the cozy library—Auber, Ozene and Professor Agnoris. Two years had passed since that memorable night on which the Professor had come among them—the night when they had exchanged smiling glances as they listened to little Celeste's prayer—"O Lord bless Misty Pofessy and teach him how to f'wim."

The Professor had learned how to swim and do many other things to improve his physical strength, while he and Auber were probing and investigating the Celestial mine and putting it in splendid working order. Every move they had made had been a success. It had developed into one of the best paying mines in the region, with promise of untold richness for the future, and now the Professor was to have his reward.

Auber handed him a formidable looking package of papers.

"We have got it all in at last, I believe," said

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Auber. "Look it over with care and see how it suits you. If it doesn't smell of cruises and coral reefs say so frankly."

The Professor took number one and spread it out on the desk before him. It was the award for his valuable report of the Celestial mine. It was a snug little fortune of itself. Something tangible to lean upon in this shifting world. At the end there were thanks for his wise counsels. When he came to that part, his face glowed with satisfaction. Auber and Ozene were looking at him and they exchanged knowing glances.

Then he took up the second paper, which made him a stockholder of the Celestial mine with a controlling interest. What more could he desire? If the heavens had not opened and received him bodily, the earth surely had. He was the betrothed of the beautiful Celestial mine—the mine of his first best love and care, where he had spent delightful days, looking into its virgin heart and finding untold treasure. Could it be possible that he was the acknowledged master of this illimitable trust? A sense of power stole in upon him. It was the sharp serpent sense to be sure, but it stung him all too pleasantly,—It was the conceptive sting that made him long for more. But what more could there be was the soul's swift question? Did not this mean everything? Beautiful boats—a cruise in the Mediterranean—dredging in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea and

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an investigation of all the coral-reefs of the world? Yes, everything! Were they everything?

He went on eagerly. He knew not why. He did not even know that Ozene and Auber were watching him. The spirit of greed was upon him or rather the greed of the spirit. He plunged on through the last paper almost ravenously—almost as though a starved soul were pulling him along. It was about the ownership of the mine. Little Celeste Garry Auber was the true owner of the mine. Ozene and Jared Carl Auber were to manage it until she was of age and now Alex Agnoris owned a controlling interest!

When he had read the last words he clasped the paper to his heart crossed his hands over it and looked into the kindly eyes that were watching him.

"It is divinely just, it is generous, it is a god-send, a quickener and a revelation! I will go away from you tomorrow and do the work I have to do, work I have solemnly vowed to do as soon as I could get the necessary means, and when it is done I will come back again for rest—for joy and rest—for my crown of—"

The sentence was unfinished. They sat in silence thinking and thinking. Auber was the first to speak.

"I think I understand rightly. But it matters not. Words are useless. Life is a strange mixture. We can't tell what it contains for us. Aye a reg-

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ular old conglomerate, eh, Professor? No divining rod can tell in just what direction the true lode lies. There are so many opposing forces. All we can do is to go on and do our work, day by day, do our level best—our innermost best at working and living and loving! ” He was thinking of Zeeny.

Ozene, woman-like, smote nearer the truth.

“O how we shall miss you and little Celeste will be broken hearted!”

A faint pallor overspread the Professor’s cheek. He swung back his head and looked up to the ceiling. Call it deceit, fear, shame or what not, he could not look this noble pair in the face and tell them the exact truth in exact words. It was evidently not the time or place for the exact sciences.

“But I feel that I *must* go and all the quicker for what you have said. I must go while I can. I have work to do—solid work that will take me ten or fifteen years to properly accomplish—Ten years at least of close labor. I hate to go as badly as you can hate to have me go. I am happy here. I had rather stay—ininitely rather, but I *must* go and work and work and wait and wait—wait patiently and work conscientiously, in order to win my crown! But I shall not go entirely. I shall leave my heart-strings here I shall take only my mind, money and energies, and when they are spent I shall come back again, for rest and

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joy. I am so utterly contented here! I am sabyritic by nature and I would like to stay here, forever here! O! you cannot imagine how homesick I shall be! How I shall long for the touch of little velvety hands! The music of little dancing feet!"

The next morning Professor Alexis Agnoris bade good bye to Keweenawton, and the Auber family. He kissed them all around and last of all little Celeste who clung to him and sobbed aloud. She was eight years old now but she was still a child and could be kissed and kissed, before all the world, with impunity.

Who will say that the staid Professor did not thank God in his heart, that it was so?

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE AUBER CHARITIES.

THE Aubers kept no charity accounts. They gave without counting, without stinting and without ceasing. They gave nothing for show, as Ozene had already intimated. They built no grand churches, or hospitals or sanitariums or charity houses of marble or stone. No institutions that cost so much to keep them clean and well officered that there was nothing left to spend on charity patients. Institutions that cost so much to keep them in "*good repair*," that there was nothing left to keep the occupants in "*good repair*." Institutions that keep the charitably disposed so busy begging for funds to sustain them that they have no time to give sustenance to the cold and hungry. Institutions that have their trusted agents so tape-bound that they feel obliged to refuse admission to a poor patient or squeeze his last dollar from him for the decoration of hospital grounds. Now and then large bequests have been used for marble halls, and wainscotings and it is not beyond belief that the last

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remnant of a workman patient's wage may be taken to extra-polish the hospital ambulance. It is thus that charity defeats herself and becomes a pauper.

It is useless to say that Auber was in perfect accord with Ozene and the M'Queens on this subject, despite his remarks about building a steeple to the church. It was simply his way of saying that there was more money than usual to spare for every good work. The winter was coming on, and every blizzard brought added numbers of the homeless, the sick and tempest-tossed or weather-tossed.

Already the M'Queens had a case on hand which appealed with unusual force to their sympathies. It was a case as before stated, which called not only for food and raiment but very possibly for skillful surgery. It was that of a Canadian voyageur who had worn a strap around his forehead so long and dragged such heavy burdens, that his brains seemed to have been pressed into the top of his head, giving it an abnormal height and probably an abnormal growth of some sort. His stubby hair had also taken the same direction and looked more like a miniature thicket of brush on a sharp knoll, than human hair on a human head.

Celeste found him out one morning after a heavy storm, when she was carrying a basket of eatables to a sick miner's family. A wretched

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looking dog came limping after her. It had a collar around its neck with a bit of broken harness dangling from it. When she stopped to look at the collar the dog whined pitifully and smelled at her basket with drooling lips.

"Poor doggy! Whose dog are you," said Celeste. Then added—"No matter you are hungry and must have something to eat."

She took out a sandwich, which he snatched and swallowed at a gulp—Then another and another until they were all gone.

"Now, poor doggy you must tell me where your master is?" She looked sharply at the broken harness and fancied there was some sort of tragedy in it.

She gave him a cookey, saying, "now poor doggy you must take that to your master."

He took it carefully between his teeth and started off. She followed him until they came to one of the most remote of the sick houses. There was a sled at the door and the mark of snowshoes in the snow. The door was open and the dog trotted in. The figure of a man lay on the bed with his back toward them. The dog jumped up and laid the cookey beside him and whined and barked. The figure did not move. She thought he must be dead and as soon as she could collect herself sufficiently, she bent over him and looked into his face. He was breathing feebly, his ears were frozen and there was a terrible mark

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across his forehead. It looked like the mark of a galled beast—the skin in some places was worn to the bone.

"Lord! save us!" she cried, then she ran to the rectory and got Dr. M'Queen and to the church and got a bottle of communion wine.

They ran back as fast as they could go. They gave him wine, built a roaring fire, took the snow shoes off from his poor frost-bitten feet and fussed with him and rubbed him until they thawed him out.

"How do you feel now? my dear fellow," asked Dr. M'Queen, as soon as he opened his eyes and looked at them.

"All right! all right and straight; but the other dog's dead!—dead!—stone dead! He shut his eyes and a tear stole out from under the lid. When he opened them again he looked into eyes that were as full of tears as his own.—

"Don't wonner yu cry," he said, "she was a fectionate bitch; but she warn't so tuff as th' other one—ee pulled thru—Styx did."

The dog Styx was licking Celeste's hand. "Did you have a big load, she asked?—the meaning of the cruel mark on the forehead was just beginning to dawn upon her.

"Yes, purty middlin'—Furs for the Queen—the Queen's a purty big woman ond she wants two sets ond it's long way t' drag 'em from the bay clean thru Lonesome Land—but

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I lost 'em awfter the bitch died. It took all the tuck out of me when she died. She was bout all I had in this world—all't loved me—but we giv 'er our last crust, didn't we Styx? and we give 'er a good burial under the thick pine bushes—but we lost heart after 'er funeral and we lost our way and we lost the Queen's furs—O the Queen's furs!—O the Queen's furs! They'll kill us!—They'll kill us!—We've lost the Queen's furs."

"Never mind the Queen's furs, poor dear," said Celeste—"take some more wine and some gruel. I've made you some gruel." Dr. M'Queen had gone for the physician and for such aid as seemed necessary. The man drank and ate hungrily—She passed her hand soothingly over the cruel mark which under the influence of the heated room had turned to a bright red.

"That's where you wore the pack-strap," she said. "I'll bring you some liniment to take away the marks."

"T'won't take 'em all away," he said. "It's an old road. I wore pack-straps fore I got grow'd—but the Queen's furs galled it a bit—O! the Queen's furs! The Queen's furs—The cruel winter's coming and she needs them!"

"No she don't," said Celeste, in a firm tone. "She don't need them at all—and they shall not blame you for losing them. I'll write and tell them all about it."

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"Thank 'ee. Tell 'em the bitch is dead—dead!—dead!"

When Dr. M'Queen returned with the physician and a stalwart nurse the poor old Canadian voyageur was sound asleep, the dog Styx was watching by his bedside, Celeste was tidying up the room and a splendid fire was glowing on the bright brick hearth. It was a very hospitable looking place tho' it was not a hospital so-called.

When Auber called a day later the man was sitting up in bed looking very comfortable indeed, Auber thought, as he stopped for a moment in the door. But when he saw Auber's fine figure coming toward him he started forward with a gesture of alarm and looking suspiciously at him.

"Beg pardon, good man did I frighten you?" asked Auber. "I only came to see if there was anything I could do for you."

"Some"—said the man sinking back on his pillow—"thought you might ha come to see 'bout the Queen's furs."

"The Queen's furs! what about them poor man?" asked Auber in his sympathetic voice. He had not heard that part of the story.

"Lost 'em, crossing over from Lonesome Land."

"And you feared I was the Queen's officer come to arrest you," laughed Auber.

"You look like 'em sum, but you don't sound like 'em."

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"I'm English on my mother's side and American on my wife's side," said Auber in his frank way. "I'll bring her with me next time and you'll never be afraid of me any more."

"Um 'fraid o' m'self. Never use't be feard t' die or be took—T'wasn't wuth much t' liv over'n Lunsum Land, but seems kind o' different 'ere. Um feared Um goan t' wanter liv jist wen I orter die."

When Auber called with Ozene the next evening they found him still more greatly troubled about being arrested on account of the Queen's furs.

"It won't do," said Ozene, going straight to the heart of the matter. "You'll never get well if you worry yourself about the Queen's furs. Tell us all about it, who hired you to carry them, how much they were valued at, where they were to be delivered, what security you gave. My husband knows all about business. He can settle it for you, I know he can. Can't you dear?" she added looking at Auber appealingly.

"Of course I can," laughed Auber. "You see my wife's hit the nail square on the head as usual. You can't get well until you have this thing off from your mind and you must have some kind of paper. Out with it man and I'll promise to make quick work of it—that is if you haven't lost the paper."

"T'ain't lost—but's way t' th' inside," said the man, turning modestly to the wall and fumbling

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at the innermost pocket of his buck-skin shirt. "Ere's the written dockymment, but t'aint all—there's an unwrit one's, worse an' that. I promist to pay a thousand pounds er my head 'f I failed to deliver the Queens furs—y' see t' I wer hard up fer a job then, rich lords ad all gone t' fight Injy and tha didn't come to hunt so I didn't get no jobs out o' them, an' 'ad ruther lost my 'ead, wot little ther wer left on't than lost the job; but sumhow I don't feel thot way now. I'm gettin' t' be a regular tender-foot. Kinder hanker 't be nust and took keer on. Kinder don't wanter git well and hef t' march on. S' mean in me, but's true. Might s'well own up. Wer brot up t' be honest. My pairents wer' both honest. S' 'onest they died. Reckon Mr. Dunker 'l tell ye so. He lives t' Nip-sing. They sent me 700 miles to tell him they were honest. They hed bad luck and ud av t' stay owt, an't they wouldn't be guilty o' cleanin' owt a Beaver-dam. Wer foot sore when I got ther'. Come nigh bein' shot fer bildin' a fire on't a trapper's ground, comin' back. Ye see't the Guv'ment gives ther trappers a deestric and a gun. The deestric's t' ketch fur in and the gun's t' shoot trespassers, but I warn't doin' nothin' but buildin' a fire t' cook some grub; so they let me off. Might s'well 've ben shot though. Found my pairents both dead when I got home. Wer most dead merself—spected the Guv'ment 'ud give me short rations and shorter time t' get owt.

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Couldn't do nothin' but crawl round fer ever s'-long. They think folks 'er doin' suthin' mean thot crawls round. But they didn't 'appen t' see me. It's a bunkin' big place, Kanedy is. S'mawst te big fer such a little mess o' folks—s' big as Germany, France and Spain all strung t'gether. S' good place t' starve in an' not 'av enyboddy know it; but me 'n th' dorgs tuckerd thru, mawstly. Would this trip if bitch hadn't died. Awfter we lost her, we lost our heds ond our way ond the Queen's furs ond got on't custom 'owse trail wich brawt us to Mericon side."

"Perhaps the Custom House officers found the furs. If they did I can get them for you. I know them and I'll convince them you didn't smuggle them in short order," said Auber.

"God bless you," he cried, stretching out his hand, "for all your kindness to me and Styx. Poor Styx! Miserable me! I don't want to march awn!"

The tears were pouring down his weather-beaten face. It was the first time he had shown any sensibility as to his own condition and it was a good sign, Ozene thought. She cried with him and assured him he should *not* march on—that he *could* not—that the Dr. said it would take six months for his poor feet to get well. That they would like to have him stay always and that he never ought to wear that dreadful pack-strap again.

Then Auber broke in. "Your paper's all right,

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good man. All you'll have to do is to sign it over to me. I'll make it all right all around. I'll be responsible for the Queen's furs. You'll never have to pay a thousand pounds or lose your head either. See here, old stalwart," he added, turning to the attendant, "if anybody comes prowling around here to arrest this fellow, you send him to me. I'm the one to settle that beastly business."

Auber was as good as his word. He found the furs at the Custom House as he suspected. He delivered them to the rich trader and got a *bonus* (on account of extra quality) for the poor trapper, which made him feel for the first time in his life, that he *could* stay wherever he wished. He staid and thus added another loyal seeker for Auber's highly prized employments.

Auber made light of the trouble he had taken in the matter. When Ozene had charmed the full story out of his keeping, she exclaimed, "O what a world! What a world! So busy making restrictive laws and laying down division lines!—troublesome lines, to torment the good, ensnare the poor, and breed liars and law-breakers among the rich!" She hesitated, then added, "O, if I could say all that's in my heart this moment I fear even you would laugh at me!"

"Fear not, dear heart. I am not a politician or militarist. I thank God that I know men alone, *mere men*, laugh derisively at reforms over which the *mothers of men* and the angels laugh for joy!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TEASY WHITLER'S SCHOOL.

ORDINARILY they were Indians instead of spent packmen, who came to Keweenawton, as a refuge from hunger and cold. They were mainly consumptive or suffering from weak lungs. They were as shy as deer and would not have applied to an imposing hospital even if there had been one there; but the unpretentious Sick Houses had no terrors for them. They pulled the latch-string and went in. The shelter was a god-send at first from the steely blizzard that cut through their vitals like a knife and at last they were sure of being found and cared for by loving friends. Fuel and food were given them to do as they chose with. A cheerful fire-place, a wide, high window, a comfortable bunk and easy chairs were in every Sick House. It was next thing to being in their own wigwams. They could come and go as they chose, but they usually staid until the spring came—until the sap began to stir the hearts of the trees and the woodland fever, the blood in their veins. Then they went.

If they were women with papooses that had

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been tenderly cared for, they made parting calls, distributing cunning little baskets, cushions and moccasins among the children of their benefactors. Having paid their debt of gratitude, they went out again into the wilderness, with happy hearts and well filled pockets—to return the next winter with still rarer work, perhaps; and the next and next until the fever for Indian work spread abroad and led to the establishing of a trade in it all along the line, or both lines of the great lake region and finally to the establishment of Industrial Schools of which Teresa Whitler was the acknowledged head, Ozene and Celeste the inspiration and Silver Moon and Cressy the informing spirits.

Teresa Whitler had developed into an energetic and excellent woman. She no longer wrote letters to the U. S. Government asking to have the useless old Fort turned into a mission house; but she had written to Government Representatives for appropriations for her Industrial School with good effect and now she was writing and receiving beautiful letters every day from the wives of Presidents and Senators and from ladies everywhere and orders and money too, for the beautiful laces and things made under her direction.

But it was not all heaven as may well be imagined, and the resolute Teasy had her seasons of discouragement. Fine hand work did not pay at any price which she as yet was able to get

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for it; and the Indian girls were often found to be in sad straits even after working with the utmost faithfulness. Teasy knew it and told her customers so, not only told them so, or wrote them to that effect, but she tried to prove to them that it *was* so—hoping thereby; to increase the prices and extend the trade.

“Because hand-work never *has* paid, is no reason why it never will,” said the hopeful Teasy, at the third commencement of her Industrial School.

Auber and Ozene and Dr. M’Queen and Celeste and Silver Moon and Cressy, were there besides a host of other friends from the region around about. The Indian Chief Be-bam-is-ee was there (with his feathers all on), accompanied with every available member of his tribe. A bevy of pretty Indian girls were also in evidence with beaded moccasins and lace handkerchiefs and tiny baskets of their own manufacture.

Last but not least there was the quaint and genial General Whitler, with his “*school-marmy wife*,” as he was fond of calling her and their grateful friends, the widow Marshall and her soldier boy; but the soldier boy no longer carried the bloody flag nor repeated the fearful words:

“They sent me south to kill my brother and I killed him.”

Occasionally he repeated the lines:

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Lord lift him up—divinely up—
'Bove battle-mire and deathful cup—
High up above the war-brute's roar,
Aye! tenfold higher than before.
Lord lift him up—divinely up.

He and his mother were assisting Teasy in her school. General Whitler had gotten him a pension and his wits were struggling slowly back.

"I should say," remarked General Whitler, as they were making a tour of the work rooms, "that t'would pay bigger tu make more baskets and *fewer* lace—baskets big enough to put suthin' in, suthin' more'n a pinch of snuff; but Teaser has her notions o' things and she's bound tu kerry 'em owt; and I can't say as I blame her none."

"O! pa," said Teasy, "they're so fond of making lace and tiny baskets. It's such fascinating work. Making large baskets is so hard for the hands and the gathering of the material and the staining are still harder and so many of the girls are not strong—Besides most of them have so much hard work to do at home. It's a rest for them to make lace and delicate things."

"Like as not, Teasy. I don't say tain't, but I know t'would tire me orfully jist tu think o' makin' a basket no bigger'n a thimble with lid and handle all on or stickin' 'bout a million o' teenty-tonty stitches intu a little fluff of a thing t' I cud hold in the holler o' my hand; but mebbey it's amusin' tu them thet's got the lingerin' con-

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sumption and have got past makin' anything for airthly use."

Dr. M'Queen thought that all artistic work had a large educative value. Even if it didn't pay, in dollars and cents. It was a splendid thing for a race just emerging from barbarism.

Celeste wondered "why it was that the men of the various tribes were not more attracted to it, if it were a cure for barbarism and hoped Teasy would not let the girls work nights and spoil their splendid eyes, while they were *emerging*."

Auber laughed, it occurred to him that M'Queen was veering around again toward the conventional wall and Celeste was keeping him off; but Teasy replied gravely:

"I discourage them from working by lamp-light, but I can't be tyrannical. They have a perfect passion for liberty. They want to do, or not to do, as they choose. The custom house is a terror!"

"The best way to prevent them from injuring their eyes would be to have pleasant evening entertainments, would it not?" asked Ozene.

"Yes the very best. It's not an easy matter though, but I'm going to try more and more." said Teasy, "but the temptation to smuggle is not so easy to overcome and they *do* get a bit of fun out of it now and then. One stalwart girl brought over a hive of bees which a Canada friend gave her

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—brought it on her back as a pappoose! When the heavy hand of the law was laid on it, *she* was stolid enough, but the officer heard a rumbling of discontent that he feared to face and led him to let it go free of duty."

"And we must help you more and more," said Ozene, laughing, and leading her aside.

Teasy shook her head. "You have done so much already."

"Indeed we can and we must and we wish to help you," said Ozene "You must not kill yourself with work and worry. I know what the trials must be, and will continue to be for a long time to come. You must not be troubled by them. You must do what you can do rightfully and happily and leave the rest—" "to you dear friend, who has already helped so much," whispered Teasy.

"Yes, to us in a way. You must let us help when the pinch comes. Wherever there is a poor overworked girl or an aspiring student. You know my husband. He believes in prompt personal aid, both in money and sympathy, instead of indirect formal charity."

"Here dear," called out Auber, who had just bought seven tiny baskets and seven lace handkerchiefs to send to England to his seven sisters—"come and look at this beautiful lace bedspread. It's the 'gem of the collection, so I'm told."

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She went directly.

"Don't we need this for the couch? The cruel winter is coming you know, and buffalo robes are getting scarce."

"We've got one just like it," laughed Ozene, only it's made over pink instead of yellow."

"But don't we need two, one for week days and one for Sundays?—that is if we can buy this for about three times the price it's marked at."

"O, you old rogue! I understand you," murmured Ozene, "but I have just had a few plain words with Teasy and I'm sure we may venture to help her in a more direct way."

"Thank the Lord," said Auber, for such a blessed little help-mate. I hate circumlocution, not only in the mining quarter, but in the lace quarter, but I thought it would be permissible in the lace business."

"The next day Teresa Whitler received two precious little packets per Keweenawton express. One was from Ozene Milner Auber, marked "Evening Entertainments for Teresa Whitler's school. The other was from Jared Carl Milner Auber and was marked, "A higher education for the student who wants it."

There was a joint note as follows:

Dear Teresa,

"We beg of you not to spend too much time and energy counting the cost. It is doubtful if

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hand-work can be made to pay in dollars and cents equal to other work. Lace handkerchiefs are not as necessary to the regeneration of the world as iron rails and idle women are often driven by the force of ennui to make their own. You are doing a beautiful work in drawing so many hearts to you in love and sympathy. You must remember that all we can do is very little compared to that. Do not fail to let us know of any case of sickness or need of any kind which you may have in your midst.

Very truly,

O. & J. C. MILNER AUBER.

Teresa Whitler cried a little and laughed too, over the joint letter. There was a note of discouragement in it for the business side of her school, but she had just begun to realize that the business side was the dreadful side of it and was threatening to wreck the beautiful side of it. She could not help feeling a sense of relief at having the burden rolled from her shoulders by such capable hands; "but the way they mixed up their names—this dear, good, much loving couple—as though they could not be united closely enough to be typical of their spiritual oneness!" added Teasy, as she folded her hands and proceeded to take the first day of true, ecstatic rest which she had allowed herself for many a day.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PROFESSOR AGNORIS AND DEEP SHAFTS.

“**I** BEGIN to think it is not right for any one man to have a controlling interest in any important organization,” said Auber. “Equity of control should be the rule and by those on the spot, rather than by those thousands of miles away. I have written to the Professor about the deep shafts and the men who work in them, but he proposes nothing and I can do nothing without his consent—”

“He evidently doesn’t think of hardship as we do, dear. He seems to court it for himself,” remarked Ozene.

“Yes courts it for himself and thinks others may have it without courting, eh? Because he puts himself through a course of sprouts now and then, he thinks others can stand it year in and year out. He’s like the scholar that picks up the Irishman’s spade and says ‘see me work! I can pitch five spade loads while you pitch one.’ He does it, but he does nothing more for days or months or years perhaps. Where would be the sewers and foundation stones if they waited for him?”

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"I think Alex would feel different if he were here, I'm sure he would," said Ozene, confidently.

"God speed him then," replied Auber, "there are other things needing his attention."

"What are they dear, I thought affairs were going on swimmingly."

"So they are, so far as production is concerned, almost too swimmingly. The output is getting to be so large that there is a proposal afoot to withhold the report from the public!"

"I didn't suppose the law would allow that," said Ozene, in astonishment.

"The law allows almost anything to a powerful company, and it's a powerful company that undertakes to snub the Amalgamated."

"I thought the Amalgamated attempted to coerce the Celestial and deserved defeat. That's what the Professor wrote to Celeste and he carried the idea that the Celestial and the Rothschilds had triumphed nobly."

"That's not all there is of it according to my light, dearie. There are good reasons why all the large producers should agree to a reduction in output, which is growing to be so enormous as to be a menace to the small producers—to the extent of threatening to disrupt many of the mining properties and throw thousands of men out of employment. My belief is that the so-called coercion is a righteous call—a humane call. It would stop the awful deep shaft business."

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"It's like the call for a reduction of armaments. One is for life itself and the other for the bread of life," remarked Ozene.

"That's about it, dear, and yet it's treated with suspicion, rejected or ignored! and now the fight is on and we must be armed with shafts hideous shafts which kill and brutalize more men than the army."

"Perhaps there's something at the back of this call that is not quite right," replied Ozene, thoughtfully.

"Then let the back be scratched," laughed Auber. "If a serpent is there, or the swine of selfishness, they should be cast out. The words of the proposition are right enough and should be listened to with grave attention—sifted instead of suspicioned. That's the way it looks to me. Perhaps I don't see it as it is. Perhaps it's because I'm growing old and don't believe in the autocratic way of doing things. Don't believe in making any more awful places for human beings to work in. Don't believe that more and more shafts is the remedy."

"No, no, dear! It is not because you are growing old. You are growing wise in other ways and I'm sure you are in this, but don't be troubled about the Professor, you can make him see it when he comes back. It isn't apt to improve a man's ideas of equity to go about hobnobbing with autocrats, in autocratic countries. There are autocrats in scientific circles as well as elsewhere;

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but he is right at heart. When we have him back again we'll brush off the hard shell coating. When he meets those '*deep-down men*' face to face, sees their bent backs and clasps their horny hands, he'll be reconverted. He will want to give them pleasanter instead of more perilous work—to raise them up instead of sending them farther down."

"Yes, when he comes, dear, but perhaps he'll never come. This is the place to make money out of, but when a fellow like the Professor wants to spend it, he goes 'down below,' or over seas, confound him!"

"O no! don't confound the Professor," laughed Ozene, "at least not until I have told you something. To begin with, do you know how many letters Celeste has from him up in Sunset Tower? We have been counting them up to-day and she has one thousand and ten. He's been away ten years and that makes over one hundred a year."

"Faugh!" exclaimed Auber—"and all about the distinguished bugs he has met and collected—both big-bugs and little. I should think she'd be tired to death."

"But she had a different kind of one this morning, dear. It's his first real love letter, and she's going to show it to you and her answer too. When you have read them both, I'm sure you will see the Professor in a new light and you will be sure he will come before long. Meanwhile we'll do all we can for those deep-down workers."

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"But we have done all we could, haven't we, in the way of salving, pitying and petting? but that isn't what they need or want. They need new rules and regulations—improved conditions that will not call for pity or charity—good generous pension laws that will make a man willing to retire when age or infirmity overtakes him."

"Yes, yes, dear! and more love and cheer. More and more every day to lighten and brighten the lives of those poor workers that come up to us from the bowels of the earth. More and more to take away the soil and terror of the pit."

"I don't know what it could be, dearie, as long as the pit remains, unless we have a good old Blessing Fire such as we had just before we were married. We have never had one quite equal to it since," laughed Auber.

"We *will* have, when Celeste and the Professor are married," said Ozene, "and we'll live the dear old delicious time all over again, at the first flitting from our family nest. We will—"

The sentence was unfinished and Celeste came flitting in—a slight fairy-shape with a bundle of letters under her wing, two of which were wafted mysteriously into mamma's lap for papa to read, while she bounded shyly off out of sight and hearing.

"A mere child," grumbled Auber, "and to think of her having a big love letter, like this."

"Yes, a mere child," laughed Ozene, "but just

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about my age when you came from over the sea." She handed him the Professor's voluminous letter.

"No, give me hers, I'm sure I couldn't wade through all that stuff and nonsense. How does he know that he loves her or could love her now? Why couldn't he have waited until he had seen her again like a sensible man?"

"O dear! dear!" laughed Ozene. "What a delightful old Bluebeard he has grown to be, this precious husband of mine, who has always insisted that he made a regular love feast off from one little, lone, innocent letter. He has totally forgotten that the Professor must have had about a thousand letters to feast on and nourish him into loving. Also that he really has seen the object of his love, in bud and in yearly photos, while you dear, had not even *seen* me either in bud or picture. O what a delicious, short-sighted fellow he is—!"

Then they both laughed, and after it was over, Auber read both letters through and through again, with growing interest.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HUMANITY'S CALL.

“**B**LESS the child!” Auber broke out when he was reading Celeste’s letter. “She writes like one inspired when she describes the mine. Did you notice it?” He began to read without waiting for a reply.

“You ask me to describe our beautiful Celestial mine. How can I describe it fitly for you who have been so long away from it?—so long in the so-called ‘upper-world,’ and among the so-called ‘upper-crust of society.’ I can only tell you how it seems to me when I visit its upper chambers. One of these chambers is named ‘*The Lily*’ because it glows so whitely among the others; but to me it is more than a lily. It is a gem! Lilies perish with the handling but gems, like the stars of which they appear to be reflections, are imperishable. My ‘*Lily Chamber*’ is lined with all sorts of gems and shining metals. There are stars and bars of silver, and veins and nuggets of gold and copper with mysterious markings upon them! There are beautiful alcoves and cunning lit-

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tle hiding places hollowed out by—*no-man's-hand!* There are seats and shelves of metals and marbles on which I can pile my books and last but not least is a stone table on which I am writing this letter. I come here every day now as a refuge from the hot weather. I am beginning to prefer it as a place for study and high thinking, just as the old miners preferred the mine as a place for hard working. 'It was so cool and comfortable to work in,' they said. 'No blazing sun, no rain, no snow, no wintry winds or wild hurricanes can reach you there!'

"But these I suspect were the old, old miners who had never worked in the awful deep-down places!—places where the men have to work all day swaddled in wet blankets and hoping for nothing except that the ice will not give out—fearful places where I never dare to go and hardly dare to think of, they are so deep-down and dangerous; and yet there is talk of making them still deeper and deeper! If this is done there will be more and more dreadful looking creatures with their bulging eyes and bent backs. It makes me shudder to look at them.

"Mamma says that the condition of the miners even in the Celestial has not been very much improved. That it has not kept pace with its resources. O why don't it improve? Why can't we make it improve? I think we could if you were only here to help us. Why don't you come? Come

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and see the beautiful mine and the homely men that work down in the bottom of it. Come and see the charming chambers clothed with imperishable gems and the miserable miners clothed in rags and shags that come up from its awful depths! Come and see the new stamping mill with its gay turrets and towers and the men that work in it with the death-stamp on their old creased faces! Papa says they ought to be retired with a life-pension. Come and see *them* and what can be done for *them*. You need not come to see *me*. You need not look at *me*. I had rather you would not. I am not beautiful as you imagine and I am sure you will be greatly disappointed when you see me—so much that you will not be able to love me any more. But I will try not to care for that if you will only love the poor miners and try to cheer them up and make better looking and better acting men of them. Try to have them let alone the awful fire-water and give them good sweet wine in its place—the pure juice of grapes and other fruits, such as you wrote me about when you were visiting the Rothschilds in France. O how I wish you would get the recipe and bring it home with you so we could make it and give it to the men who work in the worst places! They would surely like it better than the poison, fiery whiskey and the cheap, nasty tobacco with which they burn and soil themselves in order to ward off contagion—the devil of dis-

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ease,' they call it, while they are digging and digging the treasure out of the bowels of the earth. 'Yes, tons and tons of the most beautiful copper in the world to make cartridges to kill Spaniards with,' one of the miners told me with a fearful look that made me shiver from head to foot. I did not believe it, for I had heard papa say that he would not sell copper to make into cartridges, but the idea that any man should think that he was working himself to death in order to furnish the material to send other men to their death, was shocking!

"O no! you needn't come to see me at all, I am not beautiful. I am taller than mamma but I am awful thin, so much thinner in reality than I look in my pictures and my eyes are too large in proportion and my complexion is gray—almost as gray as the deep-down miners. Sometimes I think it's looking at them and pitying them so much that's made me have such a gray complexion. No, no! I don't want you to look at me! I shall run away, I know I shall, if you look at me with that penetrating gaze, which you always have in your pictures; but I thank God that you have it for I know that just such a gaze is needed to penetrate away down to the very bottom of these deep and awful shafts! Come and come quickly; and look and look and look!

Truly,
CELESTE."

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By the time Auber had read the last words Ozene was by his side with her hand on his shoulder.

"What do you think now, dear, can we trust?"

"Trust! trust! why the child is inspired, I think we can trust *her* to inspire *him*."

As soon as possible thereafter there came a reply to Celeste's letter. It was brief but satisfactory to all parties. It ran thus:

"Dear, dear Celeste,

I am at Cannes packing my specimens and the sweet wines. I am coming as quickly thereafter as boats and iron rails can bring me, but I will not promise to look in one direction mainly unless I may look through your clear-seeing and loving eyes.

Forever thine,

ALEXIS AGNORIS."

He came. There was a great wedding, a great Blessing Fire and great feasting for days after during which sweet wines and words flowed freely and poison whiskey and sour words not at all. It was a foretaste of what could, should or would be done to sway the mighty, happify labor and set the bow of promise over truly legitimate and righteous industries.

EPILOGUE.

NEARLY a century has passed away. Our mother country beyond the sea is still our loving mother. Her blessed children come and go. Love overleaps all barriers of earth and sky. Grim fortresses and slavish boundary lines and laws disappear. The Fiends of Militarism and Greed have not prevailed. The sky clears. The heavens scintillate with glorious Northern lights—the Aurora Borealis of our young vision. We are lifted up into the dome of the sky. We see a majestic figure looming above the mists of an austere region. Immense treasure is at his command. The ponderous key of the closed portal is in his hand. The human sea lies all around him in sullen silence. The power for good and evil is stirring the depths—the same power that possesses his own soul. We recognize the man tho' the golden locks are turned to silver. Tho' the soft outlines of face and figure are energized and broadened and the dream-look of the blue eyes is changed to the outward glance of the eagle. Yes we know him and we tremble for him, not because he will not yield to unjust